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H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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THE FIRST STEP.

BY M. E. B.

TO-NIGHT as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the glow of the firelight
Brightened the dark'ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart-gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first step alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise,
My one little fair-faced daughter
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and the longing,
Near to the mother's breast;
Wild with laughter and daring,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across through the shadows
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright
With flutter of lace and ribbon
Out of my arms to-night,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld, and protected,
How will the last step be?

See, we are all beside you
Urging and beckoning on,
Watching lest ought betide you
Till the safe near goal is won;
Guiding the faltering footsteps
That tremble and fear to fall,
How will it be, my darling,
With the last sad step of all?

Nay! shall I dare to question,
Knowing that One more fond
Than all our tenderest loving
Will guide the weak feet beyond!
And knowing beside, my dearest,
That whenever the summons, 'twill be
But a stumbling step through the shadows,
Then rest—at the Father's knee!

—*January Wide Awake.*

THE FEMALE PILOT.

An English brig-of-war lay off the southern shore of the Island Firee, which is one of the Inner Hebrides, on the western coast of Scotland. And the brig had just captured a prize. She had been sent up after smugglers, and had taken one of the most notorious of the smuggling crew—a stout, bold, reckless man, named Donald Kenmore. He was commander of a smuggling vessel, and the chief spirit among the contrabandists of that section. When Kenmore knew that his vessel must be taken if she remained above the water, he deliberately knocked a big hole in her bottom and sank her where she lay. His crew were sent off before he did this, and they made their escape. He retained a light skiff, hoping to make his escape also. His daughter was with him, she having refused to leave the vessel before him. They had just entered the skiff, and while they stopped to see the old vessel go down, a boat came from the brig-of-war and cut them off. It was too late to escape, and Kenmore saw that resistance would be useless, so he gave up with as good grace as possible.

Flora Kenmore was eighteen years of age, and possessed all the rugged beauty of her Highland countrymen. Her eye was large and its glance could be as soft as the whisper of love, or as piercing as the glare of an enraged lion. She was not large in frame—far from it—but she was stout and strong, and her very step was the language of pride and self-control. A noble man could have loved her most dearly, but a coward would have trembled before her. She was taken with her father, and carried on board the brig-of-war.

"Ah, Donald Kenmore," uttered the commander of the brig, as the smuggler was led to the quarter deck, "you and I have met before."

"Ah, Captain Thornhill, we have," returned the smuggler, in a calm, proud tone. "Twice I have captured; but now your turn has come."

"And I think the people will thank me for it," the Englishman said.

"The *people!*" uttered Kenmore indignantly. "Say the people's *rulers!* No, sir! the *people* have been blessed by me too much for that. Go ask the poor man upon whose table I have placed luxuries of life at a cost which they could afford, if they will thank thee for taking their benefactor! No, John Thornhill! They cannot pay what the British lords would force from them to help in sustaining an army of noblemen in luxurious idleness and indolence. Go now, and ask the people, the *producers* of England and Scotland—the *workers*—which has befriended them—Donald Kenmore, or your sharp-nosed cruisers!"

"By me soul, sir smuggler, you are eloquent."

"Because I am honest. But say, Captain Thornhill, what is now to be my fate?"

"I should suppose you might judge," was Thornhill's reply.

"I may guess, but I suppose you might know."

"Well, sir, I can assure you that you will meet one of the two fates; you will be either transported for life or hung!"

"So I suppose," said the smuggler, without the movement of a muscle.

The commander was now called to attend to making sail, and Donald Kenmore was led away forward and put in chains. Flora requested that she might be allowed to accompany her father, and her request was granted. She was offered a berth in the cabin, but she chose to remain by her father's side.

About an hour after the brig had made sail, the first lieutenant, a stout, coarse fellow, named Wooler, came up to where Flora stood, and placing his hand upon her fair neck, he asked her for a kiss. She started back, and while her eyes flashed fire, she drew a small pistol from her bosom and cocked it.

"Miserable dog," she uttered in a low firm voice, dare to place your foul touch on me again and you shall die!"

"Tut, tut, my pretty bird," cried Wooler, "you wouldn't be so cruel." But his voice trembled, and his frame shook with the mortification he tried to hide.

"I think you will not tempt me, at all events," the maiden replied, with biting irony.

The lieutenant bit his lips, and his fists were clenched; but he had not the daring to go further; so he turned away and walked aft. From that moment the crew looked upon the maiden with admiration. They did not like Wooler.

It was afternoon when the brig squared away, and as the wind was light and baffling she made but little headway. It was past four o'clock when she passed Eraid, and by that time the wind had died almost to a calm, but not a pleasing calm. The heavens had grown dark, the air cold and puffing, and the night seemed coming on with the sun yet up. Captain Thornhill gave orders for taking off the sail, and ere long the brig lay under close-reefed topsails and fore-stay-sail.

At sundown the wind came in from the southward and westward; and by the time night had fairly settled down it blew a gale.

The Captain tried for awhile to keep to the wind under the three sails he had left on, but the wind was too strong. It blew a perfect hurricane and the sea began to rise and break over the deck; and ere long it became evident that one of the topsails must be taken off.

It was a bad place in which to be caught thus. Thornhill knew he must be near the mouth of the Sound of Mull, and if he lay to, the gale would tend to drive him up into it. He was not acquainted with the place, and though he had good charts, yet he did not feel safe.

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the frail bark. The masts groaned and cracked, the rigging grated and strained, and every crack and seam gaped beneath the fearful strain. The wind howled and roared, and the mad sea surged and boiled, until the whole scene appeared but the result of a furious war of the frantic elements.

At midnight Captain Thornhill began to be frightened. The wind was not only unabated, but the rain had begun to drive down, and the night was as black as one solid mass of ink.

"Wooler," he said, as he drew his oiled jacket up over his face to protect it from the driving rain, "can you not hear the roar of breakers?"

"I have thought I heard them for some time," returned the lieutenant, holding firmly by the life-line to prevent being washed by the breaking sea.

"And yet we cannot do anything," the captain resumed, being obliged to cry out with all his strength to make his voice sound above the roar of the elements. "To veer an atom would be sure destruction. But we cannot live much longer. Every rope and stick are strained now to their utmost. Oh, if we had room to run off before it."

"But we haven't" was the lieutenant's response.

Yet the brig lived through the night, and when morning dawned, the wind seemed to increase rather than diminish. It was near the autumnal equinox, and there was every prospect that the storm would be a long one. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heavens were black and the air dark.—Thornhill had no idea of his whereabouts, or how far the brig had been driven during the night he could not tell; yet he supposed he must be somewhere near the chops of the Sound of the Mull.

It was a few minutes past six when the captain was startled by a loud cry forward and on working his way thither he found that the foremast was sprung just above the pike-rack. He had hardly discovered the danger when another shout from the poop called him aft, and hurrying back again, a sight met his gaze that made his heart leap with horror.

Directly under the lee-quarter, and not over a quarter of a mile distant, was a bold rocky coast, over which the sea was dashing fearfully. And all along to the northward the same horrid scene extended.

"Good God!" cried Wooler, at this moment, pointing over the weather bow, "there are more rocks there! See! see! We are surrounded!"

The men were called, but not one of them knew the shores.

"Bring up Donald Kenmore!" cried Wooler.

"Ha! We will," answered the captain. And the smuggler was sent for.

The old man came on deck—he had been carried below when the storm had reached its fury—but he could not tell where the brig was.

"But," he added, "my child has been pilot in these waters for over four years; and there's not a rock nor a shoal in the Sound o' Mull she don't know.

"Ha, Donald Kenmore, do you speak truly now?"

"Until within a month she has been with her brother, and has almost lived among the rocks and shoals of the Sound."

Flora Kenmore was sent for at once. She came up, and taking her station near the wheel, where she could hold on upon one of the life-lines for support she gazed carefully around. It was truly a terrible scene. On all hands now, save on the weather-quarter alone, the huge breakers were piled up and stretched along. Not a muscle of the maiden quivered, nor did her cheek blanch; but boldly she stood there, and her gaze was calm and assured.

"Lady," spoke the captain, whose frightened look was in strange contrast with the expression that rested upon Flora Kenmore's fair features, "do you know where we are?"

"I do sir—exactly!" was the sure reply.

"Ha! and can the brig be saved?"

"Ay, sir. In less than two hours this brig can be run into a harbor where this storm would be but a summer shower."

"And can you do it?"

"If I try."

"By heavens, then do it! Do it and any sum you shall name shall be yours!"

"Hold," said the noble girl. "I want not your gold: but you have a thing which, if you give it back to me, shall secure your salvation."

"What?"

"*My father!* Give me my father, and you shall be saved."

"But he is a state's prisoner. I have no right to give him up."

"But you have the power, sir. You took him, and you can give him up."

"But consider, my girl. Your own life is at stake. If we go you must go with us."

"I know it sir, and I am prepared for it. What's my life worth to me if my father must be —— but you may depend on this, I can save you. Give me back my father—swear that we both may go away free and unmolested when your anchors are safely down, and you shall be saved. If you will not do this, then your hours are numbered I know where you are, and without the aid of one who knows these rocks, this vessel cannot ride one hour longer!"

"Give him up!" cried Wooler, whose face was pale as death. "Be sure you won't bend her an atom."

The captain dare hesitate no longer. The rest of the officers seconded Wooler's request, and he gave in.

"Save us," he said, turning to the maiden once more; "save us and your father shall be free."

"Do you swear this?"

"I do—most solemnly; and I call on all present to witness that when this vessel is safe, if your father and yourself go not whither you will, I am a perjured wretch. Now the helm is yours."

On the instant Flora stepped into new life.

"Lay the yards square!" she cried, at the top of her voice. "Ease up the helm. Let two faithful men take the wheel."

These orders were obeyed, and ere long the brig was dashing off before the wind. An opening was seen in the rocky coast ahead.

"That is Lunga on the quarter," the maiden said, and ahead we have a dozen small islands. Here comes the Devil's Rock on the starboard bow, and that on the aft is McDougall's Crown. Port a little! Steady—so!"

The hearts of the men leaped up, and seemed to hang for some moments. But on went the flying vessel—the heavy spray actually dashing over the deck from the towering rocks—now on this hand, now on that—and yet she went safely on. If she had gone through such a dubious channel, then why should she not pass the rest? The men became more easy, even though the horrors were as palpable as ever. The course of the brig lay through a hissing rushing, tumbling surge, with rocks still on every hand. And there stood the fair pilot, her keen eye flashing, her finely chiseled nostrils dilated, and her noble form drawn proudly up. Her orders were prompt and assured, and confidence was in every look and tone.

At length the vessel entered a narrow strait not over a mile wide, and the course was direct. It was the mainland, Argyle upon the right, and the island of Seil upon the left. In half an hour more the strait was passed—another group of rocks was cleared—and yet the gallant bark flew safely on over the storm-mad sea.

"Stand by the braces!" cried Flora, now showing a little excitement, "mind your helm! Round in carefully on the larboard braces! Keep the others taut! Helm a-port! easy—easy!"

The brig bowed to the wind most fearfully now that her side was presented to it, and her masts bent like reeds—but she failed not. A high promontory was passed—and in a few moments more the deep labor ceased. The brig righted, the masts grew straight, and the sails had done straining. The water moved only in long swells, and as the men looked ahead through the falling rain, they saw the smooth haven stretching away up into the land—a haven into which the southern storm-demon could not come, and where the weary bark could be at rest. It was a long narrow inlet of Kilmore.

At length the sail was taken off, the anchors dropped, and then the men crowded around their pilot to bless her for the service she had done them. But she asked not their thanks, though she could not refuse their gratitude.

"I have saved my father," she said, and that is all to me. Let us go on shore now."

"But not in this storm," urged the captain.

"Yes," persisted Flora. "We are not at home here, but on shore I shall find a sheltering roof and open arms to receive us."

Captain Thornhill felt too grateful to make any objection, and he had a boat lowered at once.

"God bless you!" as he grasped Flora by the hand; "and when, in time to come, we call each other to mind, I trust you may feel something of the friendliness towards me which I must ever cherish for you." Then he turned to Donald. "And to you, Donald Kenmore, let me say God grant I may never meet you again when the duty of my station could make you my enemy. Farewell!"

And in a few moments the smuggler and his child were on their way to the shore. A sheltering roof soon spread its protection over them, and warm friends welcomed them to the fireside.

Donald Kenmore and John Thornhill never met again, for the old man had money enough, and when his noble daughter shortly after the startling adventure we have recorded, gave her hand and heart to the man who had loved her long and truly, he found a home with them.

BARBERS.

The barber is a man who does not abuse the power he posesses. He has the power to cut a man's head off with more facility than has any other man on earth, but he seldom improves his opportunity, although occasionally the temptation must be very strong. We had often wondered if barbers were not sometimes possessed with a wild impulse to try if they couldn't whack a man's head off with one whack of the razor—an impulse similar to that which sometimes comes to a man when he is walking along the edge of a precipice, and that prompts him to throw himself to the bottom. We have no doubt that the shavers have some such thoughts occur to them, especially when they are shaving a man who has an impediment in his credit, and who is liable to "stand them off" for the price of the shave. We know the shavee sometimes thinks of it as a possibility as he lies back in the chair watching the manoeuvers of a fly on the ceiling, and realizes that the barber is trying to whittle a clip off the end of his chin.

The negro barber is not so loquacious as the white barber. When he is scraping around your lip with a razor you have every reason to believe he sharpens lead pencils and cuts strings with, he does not ask you a question that you are afraid to answer fearing you may sacrifice a piece of your lip if you reply, but otherwise he acts very much as the white man does. He subscribes for the *Police Gazette*, and keeps it on his table for the purpose of tranquilizing the mind and occupying the attention of the customers, who has been informed by the barber that he is "next," when there are ahead of him two men who want to get shaved, and one who is desirous of having his hair cut.—He has dandruff eradicator, a hair invigorator, and a corn softener, put up in bottles by himself, that he is not only willing but anxious to sell. Between his mirrors he hangs up tobacco advertising chromos, and richly colored pictures of females dressed in gauzy and abridged garments. He puts a daub lather in your ear, parts your hair at the wrong side, and pastes it down on your forehead, and usually suspends operations while the soap hardens on your jaw and he discusses some matters of a personal character with a barber who is engaged on a bald headed man at the other end of the establishment.

In private life the colored barber gives tone to the society he moves in. He is looked up to as an authority and as a leader of fashion. He is almost invariably a preacher or a member of a brass band. The ability to shave comes naturally to a negro barber—an instinct inherited; at least we suppose it is so, as no one has ever seen a barber learning the business.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE SONG OF THE ADVERTISER.

I am an advertiser great!
In letters bold and big and round
The praises of my wares I sound:
Prosperity is my estate.
Then people come,
And people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow—
They buy my goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate—
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go,
But never there;
They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late—
If I have goods I advertise.
Then people come,
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

—*Denver Tribune.*

THE MAN-EATING TREE.

Many years ago I turned my restless steps toward Central Africa and made the journey from where the Senegal empties itself into the Atlantic to the Nile, skirting the Great Desert, and reaching Nubia on my way to the eastern coast. I had with me three native attendants—two of them brothers, the third, Otona, a young savage from the gaboon uplands, a mere lad in his teens—and one day, leaving my mule with two men, who were pitching my tent for the night, I went on with my gun, the boy accompanying me, toward a fern forest which I saw in the near distance. As I approached it I found that the forest was cut in two by a wide glade, and seeing a small herd of the common antelope, an excellent beast in the pot, browsing their way along the shaded side, I crept after them. Though ignorant of their real danger, the herd was suspicious, and slowly trotting before me enticed me for a mile or more along the verge of the fern growths. Turning a corner I suddenly became aware of a solitary tree growing in the middle of the glade—one tree alone. It struck me at once that I had never seen a tree just like it before; but, being intent on venison for my supper, I looked at it only long enough to satisfy my surprise at seeing a single plant of such rich growth flourishing luxuriantly in a spot where only the harsh fern-canes seemed to thrive. The deer, meanwhile were midway between me and the tree but suddenly, instead of passing it, swerved in their career and swept around it at some yards distance. Was I mad, or did the plant really try to catch the deer? On a sudden I saw, or thought I saw, the tree violently agitated, and while the ferns all around were standing motionless in the dead evening air, its boughs were swayed by some sudden gust toward the herd, and swept in the force of their impulse almost to the ground. I drew my hand across my eyes, closed them for a moment, and looked again. The tree was a motionless as myself!

Toward it, and now close to it, the boy was running in excited pursuit of the fawn. He stretched out his hands to catch it. It bounced from his eager grasp. Again he reached forward, and again it escaped him. There was another rush forward, and the next instant boy and deer were both beneath the tree. And now there was no mistaking what I saw. The tree was convulsed with motion, leaned forward, swept its thick foliaged boughs to the ground, and enveloped from my sight the pursuer and the pursued. I was within a hundred yards, and the cry of Otona from the midst of the tree came to me in all the clearness of its agony. There was then one stifled, strangling scream, and except for the agitation of the leaves where they were closed upon the boy there was not a sign of life.

I called out, "Otona!" No answer came, I tried to call out again, but my utterance was like that of some wild beast smitten at once with sudden terror at its death wound. I stood there changed from all semblance of a human being. Not all the terrors of earth together could have made me take my eye off that awful plant, or my foot off the ground. I must have stood thus for at least half an hour, for the shadows had crept out from the forest half across the glade before the hideous paroxysm of fear left me. My first impulse then was to creep stealthily away, lest the tree should perceive me, but my returning reason bade me approach it. The boy might have fallen into the lair of some beast of prey.

The vegetable first discovered my presence at about fifty yards distance, I then became aware of a stealthy motion among the thick-lipped leaves, reminding me of some wild beast slowly gathering itself up from long sleep, a vast coil of snakes in restless motion. Have you ever seen bees hanging from a bough—an immense cluster of bodies, bee clinging to bee—and by striking the bough or agitating the air, caused that massed life to begin sulkily to disinterigate, each insect asserting its individual right to move? And do you remember how without one bee leaving the pensile cluster, the whole became gradually instinct with sullen life and horrid with a multitudinous motion? Each separate leaf was agitated and hungry.

Was I bewildered by terror? Had my senses abandoned me in my need? I know not—but the tree seemed to me to be alive. Leaning over toward me, it seemed to be pulling up its roots from the softened ground and to be moving toward me. A mountainous monster, with myriad lips mumbling together for my life, was upon me! Like one who desperately defends himself from imminent death, I made an effort for life and fired my gun at the approaching horror. To my dizzied senses the sound seemed far off, but the shock of the recoil partially recalled me to myself, and, starting back, I reloaded. The shot had torn their way into the soft body of the great thing. The trunk, as it received the wound shuddered, and the whole tree was struck with a sudden quiver. A fruit fell down, slipping from the leaves, now rigid with swollen veins, as from cavern foliage. Then I saw a large arm slowly droop, and without a sound it was severed from the juice fattened hole, and sank down softly, noiselessly through the glistening leaves. I fired again, and another vile fragment was powerless—dead. At each discharge the terrible vegetable yielded a life. Piecemeal I attached it, killing here a leaf and there a branch. My fury increased with the slaughter till, when my ammunition was exhausted, the great giant was left a wreck—as if some hurricane had torn through it. On the ground lay heaped together the fragments, struggling, rising and falling, gasping. Over them dropped in dying languor a few stricken boughs, while upright in the midst stood, dripping at every joint, the glistening trunk.

My continued firing brought up one of my men on my mule. He dared not (so he told me) come near me, thinking me mad. I had now drawn my hunting knife, and with this was fighting—with the leaves. Yes, but each leaf was instinct with a horrid life; and more than once I felt my hand entangled for a moment, and seized as if by sharp lips. Ignorant of the presence of my companion, I made a forward rush over the fallen foliage, and with a last paroxysm of frenzy, drove my knife to the handle into the soft bole, and slipping on the fast congealing sap, fell exhausted and unconscious, among the still panting leaves.

My companions carried me back to the camp, and after vainly searching for Otona, awaited my return to consciousness. Two or three hours elapsed before I could speak, and several days before I could approach the terrible thing. My men would not go near it. It was quite dead; for as we came up, a great-billed bird, with gaudy plumage that had been securely feasting on the decayed fruit, flew up from among the wreck. We removed the rotten foliage, and there among the dead leaves, still limp with juices, and piled around the roots, we found the the ghastly relics of many former meals, and—its last nourishment—the corpse of little Otona. To have removed the leaves would have taken too long, so we buried the body as it was, with a hundred vampire leaves still clinging to it.

RULES FOR LOVE-MAKING.

First catch your lover.

Hold him when you have him.

Don't let go of him to catch every new one that comes along.

Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life.

Unless you intend to support him, find out whether he earns enough to support you.

Don't make up your mind that he is an angel.

Don't palm yourself off on him as one either.

Don't let him spend his salary on you; that right should be reserved until after marriage.

If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he may either get rid of her to oblige you, or get rid of you to oblige her.

If you object to secret societies and tobacco, it is better to come out with your objections now than to reserve them for curtain lectures hereafter.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach it to oblige him. Remember your hair belongs to you and he doesn't.

Be very sure it is a man you are in love with, and not the clothes he wears. Fortune and fashion are both so fickle, it is foolish to take a stylish suit for better or worse.

If you intend to keep three servants after marriage, settle the matter before hand.—The man who is making love may expect you to do your own washing.

Don't try to hurry up a proposal by carrying on a flirtation with some other fellow. Different men are made of different material, and the one you want might go off in a fit of jealousy and forget to come back.

If you have a love letter to write, don't copy it out of a "Letter Writer." If your young man ever happens to consult the same book, he will know your sentiments are borrowed.

Don't marry a man to oblige any third person in existence. It is your right to suit yourself in the matter. But, remember at the same time that love is blind, and a little friendly advice is worth having, and may ensure you a lifetime of happiness or prevent one of misery.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that, when the right man comes along you may see him.

When you do see him you will recognize him and the recognition will be mutual.

If you have no fault to find with him personally, financially, conscientiously, socially, morally, politically, religiously, or any way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to—

Believe in him;
Hope in him;
Love him;
Marry him.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—Among the Chicago commercial travelers who visit Chillicothe are two gentlemen, now good friends, whose first meeting was under circumstances just the reverse of friendship Mr. P—— is a Virginan and Mr. B—— is a New Yorker by birth, and both were soldiers during the civil war—the former a captain in the famous confederate troopers commanded by the celebrated Gen. John S. Mosby, and and the latter a private in a New York regiment. In one of the many skirmishes in the vicinity of Warrentown, Va., Capt P—— was captured by B——'s regiment, the commander of which, in pursuance of a previous order from his superiors, to "shoot Mosby's men whenever caught," ordered the immediate execution of the unfortunate captive. He was led out a short distance from the command, and a detail of seven men, of whom B—— was one, was ordered to execute the drumhead sentence. At the word "Fire" the squad discharged their weapons straight at the victim, and poor B—— fell riddled with six minnie balls. He was left for dead as food for vultures, and his executioners mounted their horses and followed their regiment in pursuit of Mosby's. The victim was unconscious for twenty-four hours, and when he awoke and feebly called for help there was no response. With six ghastly wounds in his chest and covered with blood, he dragged himself a mile to a negro cabin, where he was kindly received and nursed for a week until Mosby's forces had rallied and driven the federals from the vicinity. Then for the first time his wounds were dressed by a surgeon, and in about six months he rejoined his command and fought to the final surrender at Appomatox. His health has ever since been delicate, but he is energetic and pushing, and is a very popular and successful salesman, and has no warmer personal friend than B——, who was one of his executioners, or thought he was.—*Chillicothe (Mo.) Constitution.*

"BE candid, doctor," said the patient when found with a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. "You know it is a good medicine," and the M. D. left in disgust.

DEAD BEATS.

LAUGHABLE JOKES, AND ONE STORY THAT IS POSITIVELY GHASTLY.

A case now comes to mind, however, that illustrates the artist in his business to perfection. He was a well-dressed man, and when he entered the office the clerk scrutinized him and concluded that it would be a matter of difficulty to discriminate between him and a millionaire. He registered his name in a Sir-Joseph-Porter-K.-C.-B. style that commanded respect. When he entered the dining-room the waiters bowed obsequiously. He sat down and occupied a full hour discussing every article the bill of fare promised. He had reached th limit in the shape of a pudding. Suddenly a horrified exclamation burst from his lips. The waiters gathered anxiously around.

"Is this what you give your guests to eat?" he shouted, excitedly.

"Sh! don't speak so loud," said the head waiter, soothingly.

"Yes, but I will speak loud," and if you are in the habit of cooking co—" But the hand of the head waiter stifled the remainder of the word.

"Sh! don't say anything about it, and your meal sha'n't cost you a cent."

"Well, that's all right," said the swell, with a brightening countenance, and he left the room.

In the bottom of the dessert-dish was an enormous cockroach. The guest when he reached the pavement, threw a wink over his shoulder, and, putting his hand in his vest-pocket, removed therefrom and deposited in the gutter a half dozen or more of the insects. It afterward transpired that he had not a cent of money, and after he had eaten his fill placed the cockroach in the dish and made a holy kick on the strength of it to elude the demand he knew would be made for a cash settlement.

The manner in which another of the profession succeeded in beating a place of public entertainment was so ludicrous that we repeat it, although, fearful that to many it may be a "chestnut," as the boys say. A man entered the Grand Pacific one evening late—any Grand Pacific will do—and asked for a room. He wore a long ulster buttoned from throat to ankle, which he did not open while under surveillance of any of the attaches of the house. Early next morning the bell connected with his room rang furiously. The clerk and the bell-boy flew for his room, and found him raging and storming about like a maniac. "I have been robbed," he yelled, in answer to their anxious queries; "all my clothes are gone. They contained all of my valuables. My trousers contained $200 in money, and there was a diamond stud in my shirt." The last word was a positive yell. A new suit was given to him, besides $100 in money. Later it was learned that he had owned no clothing at all, and had utilized the long ulster to hide his nakedness until he could get his work in on the hotel.

All the cases hitherto mentioned possess their humorous side, but just now there comes to mind a case that in all its details was positively ghastly.

Once upon a time—"Who threw that brick? What? Well, all right, if you can't stand that we will begin again."

A well-dressed, middle-aged man of serious aspect entered a well-known hotel in a leading Indiana city a few years ago, and asked for a room. With him he had an enormous trunk, which, by his request, was conveyed to the apartment assigned to him. He had made arrangements that at no time should he be disturbed, neither for meals nor anything else. He even went so far as to demand that the servants be ordered not to enter the room. Days passed. The strange man came and went without attracting any particular attention. Finally he ceased to appear but at the time nothing was thought of the affair, as he frequently remained in his room a day at a time. On the morning of the third day one of the servants knocked at the door, but received no answer save the dull, ominous echo from the apparently empty room. With a fear that he could not express depicted in his face he sought the landlord and told him of the strange affair. Together they sought the room, and receiving no response to their demands for admission, burst open the door. A horrid sight met their eyes. There, lying in the centre of the room, was the body of the strange boarder, while lying some distance away was a staring, grinning head. The body was lying in a pool of blood, just in front of a queer looking machine, which, on examination proved to be a guillotine. An investigation developed circumstantially, that the big trunk contained the instruments of death: that all the time he passed in the seclusion of his own room was passed in putting the machine together. It was stationed, as before stated, in the centre of the room. The knife was as keen as a razor and heavily weighted, so as to give force to its descent, was held up by a cord, that, passing on through a pully fastened to the ceiling, ran along and down the wall to the table, where it was passed along close to a candle, and fastened to an object provided for that purpose. On the table in addition to the candle and cord fastener, was a bottle that had contained chloroform. When all was prepared this strange man had evidently lit a candle, inhaled the chloroform, and then lain with his neck underneath the fatal knife. The drug caused him to pass into unconsciousness. As the hours passed the candle burned lower and lower, and finally reaching the cord, and burned it in twain. The knife descended, and the stranger passed painlessly from sleep to death. He courted death and beat his earthly landlord.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MARY HAD A LITTLE GOAT.—That history repeats itself is frequently remarked, and the incidents which confirm this statement are always full of interest to the inquiring mind. It is, therefore, pleasant to record the fact that the instructive narrative of Mary's little lamb, the truth of which certain iconoclasts have affected to discredit, has recently gained support from an occurrence which happened in this city. The other morning, on one of the principal streets of the Back Bay, a young and attractive woman was observed tripping along, attended by a goat, from whose neck dangled an end of rope, which he had probably broken in order to follow her. When she attempted to get away from her humble admirer by running, the goat ran too, and when she walked slowly, in the hope that he would pass on, he also put on the brakes and ambled along quietly by her side. Then she ran up the steps of a house, but the sure-footed descendant of crag-scaling ancestors was at the door as quickly as she, wagging his tail spasmodically and evidently enjoying the exercise.—Finally the young woman made a feint of running down the steps again, at which the goat descended with such a speed that his momentum carried him half across the roadway, whereupon the subject of his attentions nimbly slipped inside the door and shut it again just in time to prevent him from charging joyously into the front hall. At this the goat pranced around for a while, as if meditating an assault upon the panels, but he soon thought better of it, and retired to the back lots in search of an old circus poster and an empty tomato-can for his luncheon.—*Boston Journal.*

Twenty-Four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stage of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefitted me. I continued until I took nine bottels. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

DR. DEWITT C. KELLINGER'S LINIMENT is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Lameness and Diseases of the Scalp, and for promoting the growth of the Hair.

Edey's Carbolic Troches cure colds and prevent disease.

A DAILY chicken train has been started on the Pennsylvania railroad. It has a passenger Cochin the rear and a locomotive to pull it. Of course it runs on eggs-press time.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JAN. 19, 1883.

A MONTH ago or less the Tennessee State treasury was full and the treasurer was M. T. Polk. Later the treasury was empty and the Polk was full, or at least ought to have been, as he got away with about $400,000. He didn't stay away very long, however, as the minions of the law got on his track, caught him in Texas and brought him back to Nashville, where he is now in jail awaiting trial for embezzlement. There is a possibility of recovering some of the stolen money by instituting legal proceedings against banks with which Polk was in cahoot, but it is not a very brilliant one.

THE once celebrated Pittsburg riot bill was again introduced into the House at Harrisburg by an Allegheny county member last week. We do not know the nature of the new bill, and cannot therefore enlighten our readers in regard to it. Its old friend and companion, known as the border raid bill, was also reintroduced at the session of the House on Monday night. It involves over two millions of dollars to pay for losses by citizens of Franklin, Cumberland and Adams counties, sustained by the rebel raid into this State in 1863, just before the battle of Gettysburg. We do not suppose that either bill has much of a chance of success.

THE State Senate met at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon to receive communications from the new executive. Gov. Pattison made the following nominations: Wm. S. Stenger, of Franklin county, for Secretary of the Commonwealth; Lewis C. Cassidy, of Philadelphia, for Attorney General; Pressly N. Guthrie, of Allegheny county, for Adjutant General, and S. Davis Page for Controller of Philadelphia. The nominations of Messrs. Stenger and Guthrie were unanimously confirmed, and the only vote against Mr. Cassidy's confirmation was cast by Mr. Kennedy, Dem., of Philadelphia. Mr. Page's nomination to succeed Gov. Pattison as Controller of Philadelphia, was, on motion of Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Wallace, referred to the Judiciary General Committee.

AT the meeting of the Democratic State Committee at Harrisburg on Monday last, W. U. Hensel, Esq., was unanimously re-elected chairman. An Executive committee of seven, as required by the new rules, was then elected, consisting of the following named gentlemen: Robert A. Packer, of Bradford; B. F. Myers, of Harrisburg; Wm. F. Harrity, of Philadelphia; Robert P. Allen, of Lycoming; Gen. Dick Coulter, of Westmoreland; W. P. Brennan, of Allegheny, and Nicholas Isenberg, of Huntingdon. The Committee fixed on the first Wednesday in August next as the time for holding the State convention, leaving the place of meeting to be decided hereafter by the Executive Committee. The election of a permanent Secretary of the Committee was postponed until its next meeting.

DR. BUTTERMORE, a Democratic member of the House from Fayette county, has introduced a bill regulating the number and pay of the employes of the Legislature and fixing the salaries of the members of the Senate and House at $1,000 for the session, regardless of its duration. Ever since the act of 1874, regulating the pay of the members of the Legislature, went into effect, we have advocated this proposition as the only absolutely certain way of bringing about short sessions and improving the character of legislation. If the members are paid a respectable salary without regard to the length of the session the man don't live who will ever see a session of one hundred and fifty days, as has uniformly been the case ever since the present per diem salary was established by the act of 1874.

ABOUT once a week a report starts out from Washington and gets into all the newspapers that Judge Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, is about to resign, and that Don Cameron will take his place. Folger won't resign. If he ever had any intention of doing so it would have been on the day after the November election, when he found that Cleveland had beaten him for Governor of New York nearly two hundred thousand votes. Having survived that monumental defeat, he will not be likely to quit his office now. But even if he did, Cameron would not succeed him, for the very plain reason that the Democrats have a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature of this State and would elect a Democrat in Cameron's place, whose vote would offset either Mahone's or Riddleberger's, and in the present close state of parties in the Senate such a contingency will not be permitted to happen.

THE New York *World* of Tuesday last relates the following remarkable incident connected with the burning of the Newhall House at Milwaukee on Wednesday of last week: "A small enameled copy of Raphael's well known picture of the Madonna della Seggiola at Florence, the companion picture of the beautiful Madonna del Candelabri, now on exhibition in the loan collection of the Metropolitan Museum, in this city, in an ornamental frame, was found by Captain O'Conner and brought to the Central Station. It was ascertained that it belonged to Mrs. Cramer, wife of the editor of the *Evening Wisconsin*. It was covered with dirt and cinders and the iron frame in which it was held was melted and run together. The dirt was wiped away from the picture, and there, pure and spotless, was the virgin face. The pleasing eyes of the Virgin, with the peacefully folded arms and saintly attire, were there untouched and unsullied by the destroying flames. It was found near the body of Miss Chellis, who, it will be remembered, died in sight of the whole agonized crowd below, calmly kneeling in prayer, in the embrasure of a window with her head bowed upon her hands. Miss Chellis was a devoted Catholic."

THE vote in the U. S. Senate on the final passage of the bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter was taken on Thursday afternoon of last week and stood 33 yeas to 27 nays. Three Republicans—Sewell, of New Jersey, who was a soldier in the late civil war and had the bill under his special charge, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Hoar, of Massachusetts—voted in the affirmative. The bill as passed authorizes the President to nominate and, with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint Fitz John Porter, late a Major General of the United States Volunteers and a brevet Brigadier-General and Colonel of the army, to the position of Colonel in the army of the United States of the same grade and rank held by him at the time of his dismissal, and, in his discretion, to place him on the retired list of the army as of that grade—the retired list being thereby increased in number to that extent; provided that said Fitz John Porter shall receive no pay, compensation or allowance whatsoever prior to his appointment under this act. Porter was tried and convicted by court martial twenty years ago, as a scrapegoat for the military blunders of the braggart, Gen. John Pope, and the proviso in the Senate bill deprives him of all pay during that long period of time. This is not justice, if he saved Pope's army from defeat at the second Bull Run campaign, in September, 1862, by Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet, as three distinguished army officers, Schofield, Terry and Getty, in their report on his case have said he did, and one would suppose that his enemies would now cease to persecute him and let the bill take its course in the House. But as soon as it passed the Senate, Logan and his venomous crew, for the purpose of weakening the bill in the House, start the preposterous report that Mr. Arthur has said that he will veto the bill if it is ever presented to him. Arthur of course never said anything of the kind. It is not at all likely, however, that the bill will be reached in the House during the few weeks that yet remainof the present short session.

AT one of the meetings of the House Democratic caucus at Harrisburg last week, the legality of supplying each member with one hundred dollars' worth of postage stamps, and fifty dollars for purchasing stationery, was discussed at some length. Postage stamps amounting in value to $100 are allowed to each member under the act of 1870, but a section of the act of 1879 provides that each member shall be entitled to fifty dollars for every regular and ten dollars for every extra session in lieu of stationery now allowed by law, and that no stationery, printed matter used as stationery, nor any perquisites whatever, shall hereafter be furnished to members by the clerks at the expense of the State. Mr. Sharpe, of Franklin county, who is a good lawyer, contended that these two acts of Assembly conflicted, and that the act of 1879 repealed that of 1870. The matter was referred to a committee of the caucus to inquire into, and a report was made by it, at another meeting of the caucus, that the act of 1870 must stand until repealed. Mr. Sharpe ought introduce a bill to repeal the act of 1870. One hundred dollars represent 3,333 letter postage stamps—enough to supply most of the members with stamps during the balance of their lives. It is doubtful whether a single member at any one session uses more than 333 letter postage stamps, so that he has three thousand remaining; and the Harrisburg *Patriot* states that it is "nothing unusual for postage stamps to become plenty and cheap in Harrisburg after the adjournment of the Legislature," which means that the members sell their surplus stock of postage stamps to business men at a discount. These stamps cost the State $25,000 every session, and the stationery costs $12,500, over three fourths of which goes into the members' pockets. Fifty dollars is more than enough to supply any member with all the stationery and postage stamps he will need during the session. The act of 1870 is a swindle on the treasury and ought to be promptly wiped from the statute book.

IN the Bosler-Wagner contest in the Senatorial district, composed of the counties of Cumberland and Adams, to which we referred last week, Judge Herman, of the former county, before whom Bosler commenced the contest, delivered his opinion on Saturday last on the question as to what President Judge shall sit on the case, and certified it to Judge Charles A. Barnett, of Perry county, as being the judge learned in the law residing nearest the Court House in Carlisle; and the Prothonotary was directed to continue the hearing from day to day until the appearance of Judge Barnett. It is the Indian beef contractor, Bosler, who has given all this trouble about the judge before whom the case shall be tried. If he was honestly elected he will be so declared by Judge Barnett, just as he would have been by Judge Simonton, of Dauphin county, since the decision of either would be in accordance with the testimony and not based on political considerations. Those who know anything, however, about "Jim Bosler," don't believe that he has an honest case, as that is not his usual way of doing business; and some rich, rare and racy developments are therefore expected during the progress of the case, showing what Bosler knows about managing an election.

IT costs the people of England annually £385,000, or, in American money, $1,925,000 "for the support of Queen Victoria and her household and of the honor and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The application of this sum is limited in a prescribed form, as follows: $300,000 are directed to be paid into the Queen's Privy Purse; $1,156,000 as salaries of the royal household; $221,000 for retiring allowances and pensions to servants, and $66,000 for royal bounty, alms and special services. The surplus amounting to $180,000, may be applied to the Queen's Court. In addition to all this there is annually granted by Parliament to members of the royal family the sum of $780,000. It will be seen from these figures that the Queen has a very expensive family to look after.

PHILADELPHIA'S PERILOUS PAVEMENTS.

How a Fall on the Icy Street Takes the Starch Out of a Fair One.

A WAR AMONG THE WARRIORS.

Black Jack Takes the Scalps of Grant, Schofield and Terry.

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

"CHET," DORSEY, AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

[Regular Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15, 1883.

DEAR MCPIKE—The snow problem is before the people of Philadelphia for its annual discussion. In almost all sections of the city the sides of the streets are banked high with snow and will continue so until there is a general thaw. The sidewalks are all icy, and foot pads often lose their equilibrium. Icy sidewalks are one of the evils of our existence, and we must take them along with our other troubles, and be thankful that we do not have them all the year. Ice may be delightful in its place, which is in lemonade on the Fourth of July and thereabouts, but at this time of the year it is not at all delightful. Icy side walks are any thing but delightful. There is nothing that will take the natural dignity out of a fellow quicker than an icy sidewalk. When a fellow falls down on the ice every one laughs at him. When he picks up his mashed beaver and sticks it on his head, buttons up his coat and walks off where the ice is melted most, and hears the laugh of boys and the suppressed giggle of girls, he feels as if he could annihilate all the boys and girls in existence. He looks at his sodden pants and coat, and then at his disconsolate hat, and feels like sueing the city, or the householders, or somebody for damages. It seems just as natural as breathing for every body else to laugh when one falls down. The one who falls down is invariably mad, and feels as if he would like to kick some one's behind. He wishes every one else would fall down and lay there, indeed he'd be glad to see all creation's heels up. There has been innumerable instances this winter in this city already of broken legs and arms of persons falling on the icy streets. The city has been greatly inconvenienced for the past week or ten days by the snow.

The streets are in a blocked condition by the snow thrown by the street railroads, and it is hoped that our new highway commissioner will, at the threshhold of his official career, take care to define very clearly the duties of railways in keeping the streets in good condition. The decisive vote by which the new highway commissioner was elected gives promise that the work of municipal reform will this week extend its achievements to the control of the City Property and Water departments. The water in this city has been very impure lately, and although it is improving some, its condition is not such to inspire confidence. There is some talk of asking the Legislature to do something to protect the purity of the Schuylkill water, but the average legislator don't bother himself about water. He hardly ever takes "water in his'n."

It seems that Philadelphia, with a less population by 300,000 than New York, has 104 more churches than that city. New York with a population of 1,206,187, has 184 churches, and Philadelphia with a population of 846,980, has 593 churches. A table giving the population and number of churches in the principal cities of the United States, gives Cincinnati the credit of being the church city of the Union. Brooklyn is no longer the "City of Churches." Cincinnati with a population of 255,708 has 204 churches, and ranks first on the list, Brooklyn now stands fifth on the list, and Philadelphia second. Cincinnati, a city in which the country was led to believe there were nothing but beer saloons and Sunday theatres, bears the palm of being the "City of Churches."

What's the use of an English grammar when a United States Senator can make a three days' speech without it. Black Jack Logan didn't hurt Fitz John Porter much, but he gave the Senatorial carpet in the vicinity of the cupsidore and the Queen's English Halifax. There seems to be a unanimity in voting Senator John Logan a bore. There could, of course, be no hope for any free country in which a majority of the people tho't him otherwise. Logan has cast insinuations on Grant. There are few who do not concede to Grant honesty of purpose in taking sides with Porter. He has also cast insinuations on Generals Schofield and Terry. The Fitz John Porter case is likely to embroil a group of army officers in a very unseemly quarrel. There were many fueds among the officers of the army when the late war was at its hottest. Hallack was charged with ingratitute to McClellan and to Buel. Grant was charged with predjudice against Thomas and Rosecrans. Rosecrans was charged with ingratitude to Garfield, and Garfield was charged with treachery to Rosecrans. A revival of the old fued is likely to cause an explosion. According to General Logan, the battle of Atlanta for which General Sherman received so much credit was fought to a conclusion without any suggestion or direction from Gen. Sherman himself. Black Jack is not only murdering the King's English, but butchering Grant and Sherman. He charges Grant with falsehood, Sherman with having issued no orders for the battle of Atlanta, and is therefore not entitled to credit for it, and charges Schofield and Terry with signing a report favorable to Porter, simply because they wanted to be promoted. A war among the warriors is threatened.

It seems that Dorsey is still Chairman of the Republican campaign committee, and doubtless he and "Chet" understand each other in a political point of view. It might be supposed by the rural mountaineers that because Dorsey couldn't conveniently attend the President's swell reception, that the President had turned his back on Dorsey. Not he. Dorsey is still chairman of the Republican campaign committee. He will suffer no punishment as the result of the present trial. The New York *Sun* says: "If every other avenue of escape is closed against Dorsey, he will commit suicide."

The mind of the spoilsman is never at rest. The present Pennsylvania Legislature is not likely to be what can conscientiously be called a reform Legislature. The Senate doesn't recommend the permanent cutting down of the number of Senate offices. The conscientious Senators think some of the places can be dispensed with until the reform breeze has blown over. In the House there are, as usual, not enough offices to go around, and the slate committee has seized upon what few there are. The Democrats of the House are having an entertaining fight for the offices of the House which they have concluded to fill. The people already are beginning to suspect that the Democracy are not half so much in favor of reform as they let on to be in the last campaign. The Democracy of the Ohio Legislature voted against a resolution to thank Senator Pendleton for his services in Civil Service Reform.

Before the election every Democratic stump orator and every Democratic organ from their speeches and editorials seemed to be almost dying for an opportunity to reform the civil service of the country. Since the election there has been a great, indeed, a wonderful change in regard to the question. The Republican advocates of the abuse of the civil service, who advocated Hubbell's blackmailing and Mahone's raiding practices, are now pleased with Mr. Pendleton's civil services as it will keep the Republicans in office after the Republican party is out of power, and civil service reform Democrats oppose it because it will not displace Republicans for the benefit of Democrats. It is said that when Wigglesworth told his wife that the civil service bill had passed she said she was glad of it, as now her hired girl would have a little more manners.

G. N. S.

GOV. PATTISON'S INAUGURAL.

In the nature of things, there could be nothing new or startling in Governor Pattison's inaugural, outlining the principles he proposes shall be vital forces during his administration, for the reason that almost every present and probable question of State policy has been thoroughly canvassed. The address, however, is something entirely different from what the people of Pennsylvania have been used to from their Governors of late years. It is plain and direct on a few subjects in most men's minds, and these include the essentials of good government, State and municipal. Of course the suggestions are necessarily general in their character, but sufficiently pointed to show the particular evils the Governor is driving at and the task of reforming he accepts as a duty imposed by his election.

During the canvass, *The Post* urged that the election of Mr. Pattison would place the new Constitution in the hands of its friends for the first time, and would mean the enforcement of its most salutary provisions, particularly as regards the grasp and power of corporations, which have been allowed to lapse by the neglect of the Executive and the Legislature. In this we did not err, and the portions of the address that will command the greatest attention and meet with most general approval, are Governor Pattison's striking and emphatic declarations on this important subject. It does not mince words, but plainly sets forth that the official oaths of members of the Legislature, hitherto held in abeyance, pledge them to execute the mandates of the Constitution, as regards legislation to abate the haughty pretensions of corporations and enforce the rights of people and places to equality of treatment. He proposes no warfare on the rights of corporations, but plainly means that so far as he can control events they shall be the servants and not the masters of the Commonwealth. The people have been waiting since the new Constitution was adopted, to hear some such declarations as these from the Chief Magistrate, but through Hartranft's and Hoyt's terms they have waited in vain. The man has come, and if supported properly by the Legislature, one of the most grevious humiliations and extended budget of wrongs will be cured.

Other specific recommendations of the message are for the reform of the existing system of State, county and township taxation, declared to be intricate, unequal and ill-digested, to the end that uniformity and simplicity may be secured.

A fair and just apportionment for Congressional and Legislative purposes is urged with much force, as underlying the whole fabric of our political system—that is the people's right to just representation.

The Board of Pardons, Governor Pattison merely recognizes as an assistant in determining the merits of applications, and takes the ground it is no part of the province of the Board to revise the legality of the judgments of the courts below, which is precisely what the Board did in the Kemble case.

Municipal government is intelligently treated by a master of the subject, and the remedy of existing evils briefly stated to be enlarged and freer self-government. The people of the cities, he holds, best know their own wants and should be allowed to direct their own affairs without legislative intermeddling.

In closing, Governor Pattison eloquently figures the future possibilities of the Commonwealth, but reminds the people that to realize their citizenship and its duties must be accepted as matters of conscientious performance.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

FOLLOWING are the only excerpts from Gov. Pattison's inaugural address for which we can find space this week:

I adopt, as a direct application to the present time, a sentence from President Jackson's first inaugural, in which he says: "The recent demonstration of public sentiment inscribes on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform." This task clearly set before him, the present executive will strive to fulfil it. Happily for him, there can be no doubt of the particular subjects as to which public anxiety for improvement has manifested itself. These are well defined. The method of accomplishment is a question for legislative wisdom ultimately to determine. So far as the limits of an address like this will permit, let me state a few of the subjects of needed reform. The people demand the abolition of needless officers, the fixing of official compensation at sums commensurate with the service rendered by salaries definitely ascertained, rigid accountability in the expenditure of the public moneys, and the raising of the efficiency of the public service by making fitness and integrity along with the tests for appointment. The people demand strict economy in the expenditure of their money, a simple and business-like conduct of the affairs of the government, and the repeal of all laws creating avenues for the needless spending of the public funds at the discretion of the officials. The people demand that the burdens as well as the benefits of the government shall be distributed with fairness, justness and impartiality. They demand uniformity and simplicity in taxation, and its distribution in such a manner as that, while all shall bear their share of the common burdens, those shall contribute most who receive most, and those suffer least who can bear least.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

With the augmentation of corporate power has arisen also other large accumulations of capital devoted to various forms of industry. Our own state, in the developments of its peculiar sources of mineral wealth, is exceptionally prominent in this respect. These accumulations of corporate and other capital invested in business enterprises, employ armies of workmen, concentrated at single establishments. From this has arisen contests between those who pay and those who receive wages. In recent years these conflicts have been of frequent occurrence throughout the entire country and have often resulted in violence not only to the public peace, but to person and property. A continual, though irregular, struggle is now and has for years been going on between these two conflicting elements. Complants, of injustice are constantly being made by one against the other, and each in his turn appeal to the state for remedial legislation. Such appeals should not go unheeded, but should be attentively listened to and carefully considered. These questions at many times have threatened to become a formidable element in our politics and a disturbing factor in our elections. This is not as it should be, and nothing but evil can result from intermingling of such matters. It gives excuse for reckless demagogues to ply their vocations, exposes labor to debasement from the intrigues of politicians, and injects passion and rashness into a discusion which has peculiar need for calmness, deliberation and dispassionate reason.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

For government to shut its eyes and close its ears to the complaints and petitions of any body of its citizens is folly. Such a course corrects nothing and settles nothing. Particularly should heed be given to the appeals of so large and important a part of the community as those depending for subsistence upon the wages of toil. Labor is the main pillar of the State. As an honored statesman of our own country has said: "Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the highest consideration;" but the consideration given to such matters should be deliberate and searching, and the relief thorough and systematic, if it is to be lasting and effectual.

I cannot but indulged the belief that our political system is capable of providing some other remedy than the bayonet for the settlement of such disputes. Our form of government, I have no doubt, is competent to deal with this matter fairly and effectively without injustice to the rights or interests of either party to the controversy. Upon the wisdom of the legislative department rests in the first instance the responsibility for a proper solution of this question.

THE inauguration of Governor Pattison was a simple ceremonial, devoid of pomp, extravagance or flunkyism. Still there were large numbers of strangers in Harrisburg, and several civic associations from the Eastern counties joined in the procession of citizens. The oath of office was administered to the Governor-elect by Judge Trunkey.—Then there was a salute of thirteen guns, at an outlay, says a special, of five dollars and odd cents, which was all the inauguration cost the State. It is not a mere question of the dollars and cents involved that induced the abandonment of the George Handy Smith style of inauguration. They were in bad taste, and the thousands of dollars expended largely went to champagne and other nonsense. The people of Pennsylvania have had quite enough of that sort of business and of the people who engineered it.

—Snow drifted to the depth of thirty feet in railroad cuts near Corry on Sunday last.

A HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE NEWHALL HOUSE AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—ABOUT EIGHTY LIVES LOST.

MILWAUKEE, January 10.—The Newhall House, a six-story brick building, was burned to the ground about 4 o'clock this morning. Immediately after the discovery of the fire the building was completely enveloped in flames, and scenes of utmost terror prevailed. The inmates jumped by dozens from the upper stories, covering the stone sidewalks with lifeless bodies. Many guests appearing at the windows, and seeing the distance to the ground, fell back in the flames and so perished.

The exact loss of life is not yet determinable, but will reach from fifty to sixty dead, and from twenty to thirty wounded. So far twenty-three bodies have been placed in the morgue and nine more in places near the ruins. The store and offices on the ground floor were entirely destroyed and some of the adjoining buildings, among them the Mutual Union Telegraph office were badly damaged. The loss can scarcely be estimated at this hour, but it will reach half a million dollars. The cashier of the Manufacturers' Bank safely carried out the cash box containing money and papers amounting to $600,000.

The following is a list of the killed, as far as known: Allen Johnson, commission merchant of Milwaukee and his wife; Kitty Baily, a servant; Mary Burns, a servant; W. A. Hall, a miller of Laporte, Ind.; Benj. Van Haag, a fireman was struck by a falling telegraph pole; Thomas E. Van Horn, of Abbotts, N. Y.; J. J. Haugh, of Maroa, Ill.; Lizzie Kelly, Maggie Owens, —— Hall, Annie Brown, Bessie Brown, Kate Stanchon, Maggie Sullivan, August Giese and Mary McLade, all servants; D. G. Powers, Mrs. Brown, Mary Burke, Mary Henderson, Mary Miller, Mary McMahn, Mary Miller, and Mary Convoy, all servants. The following are missing: W. T. Durand, insurance agent; George G. Smith, passenger agent; Mrs. L. W. Brown, Miss Chillis, a dressmaker; Walter Gilliland and William Gilliland.

It may be safely said that 60 persons are dead and 30 seriously injured. Mrs. John Gilbert, of the Minnie Palmer troupe, who had been married only two days was burned to death in sight of the multitude outside.

Milwaukee, the scene of the disaster, is a beautiful city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, on the Western shore of Lake Michigan, eighty miles northwest of Chicago. It is noted for the artistic beauty of its public buildings and many of its private residences.

A THRILLING STORY.

The most remarkable story told by any of the rescued is that of J. W. Maxwell, of the firm of Maxwell, Manning & Co., Chicago. He was in a room on the third floor, over the office, and, after seeing that the halls were filled with smoke, closed the transom over the door and locked the door. Bursting out one of the windows he determined, on second thought, to risk the hallway rather than fall from such a height. Turning back he attempted to get into the hall. The key would not turn in the lock. He returned to the window, lay down near it, to get fresh air, and knotted the bedclothes into a rope, by means of which he lowered himself to the roof of the inner court. The roof was partly made of glass, besides being quite heavily covered with snow. There was another man there before him, who was wandering about in a dazed manner. He was in danger of falling through the glass, when Maxwell seized him and endeavored to encourage him. It was no avail however, as the poor fellow had been utterly deprived of his reason. Maxwell tried to burst into a room, but found the door locked. In another trial he was more fortunate. The door was slightly ajar, but the smoke and fire in the hallway was stifling hot, and it seemed useless to take the risk of escape thereby. Nevertheless he tried and succeeded.

THE HERO OF THE LADDER.

One of the most thrilling stories told by any of the survivors is that of Mary Carvin. She is one of the girls saved by means of the ladder reaching across the alley in the rear of the hotel. She tells of the experience of the girls in the rooms allotted to the servants. She says:

My room-mate and I did not know that there was anything the matter till we were awakened by some of the other girls screaming in the hall outside our door. We sprang up and ran out. We found most all the girls screaming and running about as if they were crazy. The hall was full of smoke and very hot. Nobody had come to wake us or give us any alarm. We all ran toward the south end of the long hall which opens out towards the staircase, but we were driven back by the smoke and the heat. We began to be suffocated, and some of the girls fell in a faint. Some of us went into one of the rooms that looked out into the alley, and broke out the windows to get air. We could see men down below looking up, but nobody seemed to be doing anything to help us. The smoke grew thicker and the air grew hotter. I supposed the other girls were standing up behind me, but as nobody said anything, I looked around, but the smoke was so thick I could not see anybody. I went to the door and looked out into the hall, but could see no one. It seemed as if I was all alone in the building. I turned to go back to the window to breathe, and as I did so I fell over something. I felt around on the floor and found all the girls who had been with me lying there seeming to be suffocated. I got back to the window and called to the men below to do something. I could see girls jumping out of other windows or hanging to the window sills till they fell dead to the ground below. All of a sudden a man on the roof of a building across the alley put a ladder over to my window and called to me to go over. I stooped down and tried to wake the other girls but they did not stir. Then the man came across the ladder and took up one of the girls and carried her across. Then I went over and the man carried some of the others out. If the other men below had as much sense as that one, more ladders might have been put across into other windows and a good many of the girls might have been saved.

The name of the man who rescued the girls was Herman Strauss.

JUMPED INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Martin Webber, of Laporte, Indiana, says he arrived at the hotel Tuesday, and was assigned to room No. 158 on the fourth floor. He was accompanied by a friend named W. H. Hall, who occupied a room off and opening into his. Webber was awakened by the noise of roaring flames. He sprang from his bed and called to his friend, who came into his room, and the two men dressed. Hall then said: "My God! Do you think they will ever get to us?" The next moment he made a run for the window, and cleared it with a bound. Mr. Webber has not yet been able to find him, dead or alive, although he has made diligent search. Webber was driven from his room by the smoke, and climbed outside and hung from the window-sill for ten minutes, when he was rescued by a ladder being placed at the window.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Mrs. McCauley, who lies at the Axtell House in a bad nervous condition, and was carried out in a faint by fireman Strauss, says:

I was awakened by the shouts and screams of the others and ran into the hall. It was full of girls, rushing madly up and down, crying and screaming. I rushed to the end of the hall, peered through the door, and saw everything was smoke and fire outside. I then ran back, and passing the room where seven girls had taken refuge, joined them, and we all knelt down to pray-er. One of the girls had a crucifix and a fat woman prayed out loud. Just as we had given up all hope, the window crashed in our room and I fainted. It so happened that the firemen had found that room out of 30 others, and we with a few others, were saved. I knew nothing after fainting till I woke up here.

Captain O'Connor says that of the remains thus far found eight were taken from a point directly in front of the office counter of the hotel, or at the head of the staircase communicating with Broadway. The victims seemed to have reached that point in their flight, but could get no further. In one instance the remains found led to the belief that one man had fallen upon another already overcome by the fire.

AN APPALLING WHISPER.

NEW YORK, January 14.—Lorkin B. Day, of Milwaukee, who is at the Metropolitan Hotel, tells a *Tribune* reporter a singular story about the recent disaster at the Newhall House. He says:

"There is an appalling whisper going the rounds in Milwaukee, which I hope from my very heart is not true. It is to the effect that the proprietor of the hotel was in the habit of locking his women servants in their bed-rooms to keep them honest, and that when they discovered the fire they were caged prisoners, for whom there was no escape except by the windows. John F. Antisdell, the proprietor, is a man with a big heart, and is a friend of mine. We are members of the same Baptist Church, and no man in Milwaukee is more respected than he. But I know his opinion of working women, and that lends color to the story. Mr. Antisdell has been insane since that terrible night, and it is said that the loss of his property is the cause of it. But he was not the man to have his brain turned by the mere loss of his property."

AN INCENDIARY'S TERRIBLE WORK.

It has been discovered that the Milwaukee hotel fire was started in a small closet used for kindling wood, etc., close to the base of the elevator hatchway. The sides of the hatchway were saturated with oil from the machinery. The fire burned through the thin wood partition between the closet and the elevator shaft, and feeding on the oil in the wood, rushed up the hatchway, bursting out on all floors at nearly the same time. It was the burning of the oil wood work which created such a dense smoke and such terrific heat. Many of those rescued were terribly burned by the hot air, although they were not reached by the flames.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure and will cure Headache of all kind, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Dyspepsia. Proved and endorsed by physicians. [1-5.-1m.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Father Ryan, the poet, promises to deliver the next society address at the University of Virginia.

—During a fire at the Elba Iron Works in Pittsburg, on Monday night, Harrison Taylor, who lived near by, died of fright.

—Right Rev. J. C. Talbot, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Indiana, died on Monday evening at Indianapolis.

—Senator Mitchell had a touch of diphtheria; some of his children are recovering from it and others are seriously ill with scarlet fever.

—Lieutenant Governor Black's little speech to the Senate on Tuesday, on assuming his duties as presiding office, was in excellent taste.

—Miss Annie Logan, Philadelphia, says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and consider it an excellent preparation."

—Two children of Tobias Glimp, aged respectively four and six years, while playing with matches on Thursday at Ocala, Fla., were burned to death.

—Out of 140 voters in Kinzua township, Warren county, all but 17 have petitioned the Legislature to adopt the prohibitory constitutional amendment.

—Mrs. Catharine Condon had her skull fractured and her little daughter was very seriously injured Saturday at Cleveland, O., by a runaway horse in a crowded part of the city.

—An old woman named Bates died the other day near Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, in great destitution. Her only attendants were an insane woman and an idiotic son.

—Joseph Krout, living near Montgomery Square, Montgomery county, committed suicide on Thursday by hanging. He was 55 years of age. His daughter killed herself about two years ago.

—David Paull, of Hanover, York county, attempted suicide recently by hanging. The rope broke, and a party discovering him offered him another rope, but he declined, saying that he had had enough.

—On Saturday two sons of Milo Balck, of Mansfield, Conn., aged respectively 9 and 10 years, were cutting hay from a stack, when it was blown down and they were buried beneath it and suffocated.

—The Paris (Ky.) *Bourbon News* says there is a family in Milton consisting of father, mother and six children, every one of whom chews and smokes tobacco, and the youngest is only two and a half years old.

—The largest and most perfect ice-bridge that ever bridged the chasm below the Falls at Niagara formed on Sunday night. It is over a mile in length, and will probably remain during the rest of the winter.

—Joseph France, of Washington county, who distinguished himself a few days ago by taking a journey, wearing the American flag for an overcoat and carrying a pitchfork for a cane, has been adjudged a lunatic.

—Eleven shocks of earthquake occured on Tuesday in the town of Archena, Spain, causing the greatest consternation. Mass was celebrated in the fields, it being considered dangerous to occupy the church.

—A Mt. Vernon, Ohio, telegram of Tuesday reports the death of Mrs. Emma Stillwell, who confessed to the murder of so many of her relatives. Up to the last she maintained the truth of her confessions.

—Mrs. Abigail Jones, a wealthy widow of Troy, N. Y., who was subject to fits, was found frozen to death in her room on Sunday morning. There was no fire, and being in her night dress she had a fit, with the above result.

—During the performance at a circus in Berdischeff, in Russia Poland, a fire broke out in the building, and before the spectators could escape the whole structure was ablaze. Three hundred persons perished in the flames.

—Dr. E. Morwitz, proprietor of the *German Democrat*, near Philadelphia, has an incubator which hatches 1,200 chickens at one time. The young chicks are cared for in the machine till they are able to care for themselves, with the assistance of an artificial mother.

—Reeder Moore, of Waterford, Erie county, who killed himself a few days ago, made the confession before his death that his false testimony convicted Charles Stafford eight years ago of rape, for which Stafford is now serving a twenty-year term of imprisonment.

—John Thomas, of Pittsburgh, was found on Sunday morning lying on the public street in a pool of his own blood and with his skull crushed. He had been drinking heavily and it is not known whether his wounds were inflicted by an assailant or were the result of accident.

—George Scheller, proprietor of the Newhall House bar, Milwaukee, was arrested at 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon on a warrant sworn out by Officer Hannifin, charging him with setting the fire which destroyed the Newhall House on Wednesday morning of last week.

—Adam Weiber dislocated his neck in Utica, and a large number of physicians and students gathered to see an expert surgeon's attempt to set it right. Death was certain to ensue if nothing was done, and was likely to follow the operation, which, however, proved a success.

—While Gambetta lived, says the Philadelphia *Record*, the policy of the Republic seemed to run counter to the policy of the Church. Now that he is dead the Church is requested to pray for the Republic. This brings to mind the familiar distich: "When the devil was sick," etc.

—Mrs. McDonald broke her legs so badly while alone in her house at Mineral Point, Wis., that she could not make her way out. She lay helpless for a whole day, with a fine prospect of starving, when a neighbor's dog strayed in. She caught him, tied a note to his tail and sent him home. He brought assistance.

—It is probable that Francis Murphy, the temperance advocate, now in England, will return to Philadelphia in a few months. His health is badly shattered, and, though he spent last summer in the Scotch highlands by the advice of a physician, his health was not restored, and he is threatened with pulmonary consumption.

—Mrs. Hettie Cunningham (widow), at noon Friday, threw her three year-old boy from the suspension bridge at Fairmount W. V., into the Monongahela river, a distance of fifty-two feet, and then jumped in herself. Both were rescued after floating over the dam below the bridge, and were with difficulty resuscitated. No cause is assigned for the act.

—The London *Observer's* Dublin correspondent telegraphs that the knives which are supposed to have been used by the Phoenix Park assassins were found near the premises of Mr. Carey, the member of the Dublin municipality who was arrested on Friday night and arraigned on Saturday, with twenty other persons, on the charge of conspiracy to murder Government officials.

—A body of snow nearly a quarter of a mile long, 100 yards wide and 16 feet deep, swept down the side of Mosquito mountain, Colorado, on Saturday, at great velocity, carrying everything in its course. Two miners, unable to escape, were caught in the avalanche and hurled a hundred yards down the mountain side. Though still alive when found they were frozen in a shocking manner.

—The Planters' House, the largest hotel in St. Louis, caught fire in the kitchen on last Sunday morning shortly before five o'clock and burned so rapidly that four persons lost their lives. The greatest confusion prevailed when the alarm was given, and nearly all the guests escaped in their night clothes. The weather was intensely cold and the firemen were thereby greatly hindered in their work. It is thought that there were not more than four victims. The loss to the hotel will not exceed $30,000.

—Rev. Geo. A. Gordon, who has been called to the pastorate of the South Church, Boston, at a salary of $8,000 a year and a parsonage, is less than thirty years of age. Ten years ago he went to Boston to learn the trade of a mechanic. While there he was induced to turn his attention to the ministry, and was assisted in the preparatory studies. While pursuing the usual course of studies he supported himself by preaching, and after his graduation, in 1875, he preached for a year in Maine and then went to Greenwich. He is probably the best paid minister of his age in the United States.

—In a wreck on the P. R. R. road at Duncannon, west of Harrisburg, a few evenings ago, the cars were piled up thirty feet high and two of them were thrown on the roof of a house occupied by the station agent. They broke through the roof and lodged on the floor of the room occupied by the station-agent, his wife, and children. The bed occupied by the agent and wife was hurled into the corner of the room, but neither occupant was hurt. The cars formed a partition dividing the parents from the children. One of the latter being asked whether anyone was hurt, answered: "No, but the room is full of cars."

—Yesterday afternoon, says the Toronto, Canada, *Globe* of the 6th, a woman and her four daughters became suddenly and simultaneously insane while walking on the street. They left their home in the western part of the city to go shopping, and when on Young street, about 4 o'clock, they all began suddenly to display signs of insanity. They had a lady companion with them, and when their conduct became such as to excite attention, she called a police officer, and through her influence they were induced to enter a cab, and were driven to the station and their relatives sent for. When they arrived a doctor was summoned. The physicians decided that the five patients should be removed to the asylum. It is thought that the insanity will be but temporary.

—D. R. Murphy, formerly of Connellsville, Pa., but now living in Newark, Ohio, has perfected a new locomotive and applied for a patent. The drawings of the new engine as shown would indicate that it will prove a vast improvement on the present style. The heating surface is largely increased and a larger portion of the weight is thrown upon the drivers. Machinists who have examined the plans say that the scheme is feasible. Mr. M is well known in Newark as a practical machinist and an excellent railroad engineer, having been in charge of one of the engines at the Centenial in 1876. Mr. Murphy intends to interest several well-known capitalists in his scheme and make an attempt to put it into successful operation as soon as practicable.

—An obscure man has suddenly stepped forth and unintentionally asserted his claim to popular respect. Mr. Thomas Donahue, a Massachusetts farmer, was some years ago struck on the head, the blow impairing his mental faculties. A morbid desire to kill some one torments him, and he cannot permanently drive away the recurring temptation. He has, therefore, asked to be committed to an asylum, lest, in an unguarded moment, he might take the life of a fellow creature. At first his application may seem only a freak of a maniac, but reflection shows it to be something more. When it is considered that confinement in a lunatic asylum means loss of liberty, separation from friends from business, from pleasure and all that is supposed to make life attractive, Mr. Donahue's act is plainly one indicative of heroism. His impaired reason may probably have led him to imagine the danger of committing homicide greater than it really is, but his heart is in the right place.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Buchu, Malt, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularities of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

DEATH OF THE DOCTOR WHO SET BOOTH'S LEG.—Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who served a term at the Dry Tortugas for harboring and assisting John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincon, to escape, died on Wedensday, at his residence, near Bryanstown, Charles county, Md. Dr. Mudd came of an old Maryland family of prominence and influence in Southern Maryland. After the assassination Booth and Harold rode to his home and he dressed Booth's injuries. He found that Booth's right leg was fractured, the bone being broken clear through just above the ankle. The leg was much swollen, and Dr. Mudd insisted on Booth remaining at his house all day and into the next night. He gave him the necessary surgical attention, but the pursuit of the assassin being fierce at midnight Booth was guided from the house to the Potomac, when he rowed over in a boat to the place where he met his death and Harold was captured.

Dr. Mudd was at once arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced by the court to be confined for life at hard labor, and President Johnson ordered him and others to be sent to the Albany penitentiary. He was subsequently sent to the Dry Tortugas, where during a yellow fever epidemic he rendered such valuable services that, after a few years' confinement, he was pardoned by President Johnson. About a year or two ago he brought a claim for those services before Congress, but it was not allowed.

Most Wonderful.

Very seldom do we read of an actual case of recovery, where hope had altogether been lost, to equal that which was on Monday investigated by a *Dispatch* reporter who had heard, in various quarters, persons talking to their friends of a cure, seemingly little short of miraculous, that had been performed. WM. LINCOLN CURTS is the name of the young man in question. He is now employed at H. K. Potter & Co.'s Locomotive Works, Pittsburgh. His disease was Chronic Rheumatism. The enormous swelling and pain in the joints of the arm soon produced paralysis of his left arm. He gradually grew worse, his ankles and knees were soon even worse than his arms, his cheek bones began to enlarge, spreading his face out of all resemblance to his former self. Two physicians pronounced him hopeless. *Peruna* cured him. Page 26 Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life."

GOVERNOR GLICK, of Kansas, elected over St. John on the prohibition issue, in his message to the Legislature, seems to be of the opinion that the people of his State are better off with the whiskey-glass than with the whiskey-jug. The stringent temperance measures have driven persons of bibulous inclinations to wholesale transactions in the liquor business; whereas, if they had not been interfered with, they would have been contented with a modest retail traffic. Where it has been impossible to buy whiskey by the glass, it has been easy enough to procure it by the gallon, and the coveted liquid is now purchased extensively in quantities by the happy yeomanry and carried home in jugs, to be transferred to the person of the purchaser in the presence of his family or on the sly, as the case may be. As a result of this plan, the amount of whiskey consumed has greatly increased, and a good many family cupboards have been transformed into pretty well equipped bars. The Kansas citizen discovers that he can get drunk at home with less expense and just as thoroughly as he was formerly able to do at the village barroom.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

RICHES IN HOP FARMING.

At the prices, ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in other farming, and, if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are $1.25 per lb., and the quality and quantity of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuffs or imitations because the price is less.

FOR some time past a Scranton man named Quinnan and his wife have had ferquent family quarrels, in which the woman usually proved the victor. Quinnin resolved on revenge, and on Wednesday of last week he purchased whiskey for her, causing her to fall into a drunken stupor. While in this condition he heated stove lids to a red heat, with which he burned her body in a horrible manner, also piercing her limbs with a red hot poker. When the police went to arrest him the wife protested, declaring that she would inflict worse punishment on her brutal husband than she received, when able.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by E. James, sole agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [3-9.-1y.]

—Gov. Ben. Butler stopped the Boston *Post* (Dem.) from coming to the executive department soon after it pronounced against his Presidential candidacy. If he did so because he thought the State ought not to pay for newspapers for its Governor he deserves the applause for public economy which the *Post* accords him. If he cut it off because it criticised him he has at least earned the reputation which he so much fears—that of being a fool.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Stinging irritation, inflamation, all kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

—Ghosts are creating a great deal of excitement on the Reading Railroad by starting up in the middle of the track, and disappearing just as the frightened engineer succeeds in stopping his engine. They also swing red lanterns across the track and stop trains. They are believed to be ghosts of persons who have been killed on the road.

"*Dr. Benson's Skin Cure eradicated my pimples. They used to break out continually.*"—Steve. T. Harrison, Rochester, N. Y. [1m.]

THERE is a good deal of meat in this resolution offered in the Ohio Legislature by the Democrats as a substitute for a civil service reform sham presented by the Republicans:

Whereas, for more than twenty years the Republican party has been in power and feasting upon spoils, and from the beginning of their lease of power up to the present time the whole country has been disgraced by the acts of their leaders in whisky rings, land grants, Credit Mobilier steals, DeGolyer pavement jobs, Star Route frauds, Hubbell assessments, Presidential steals, and culminating in the assassination of the great and lamented Garfield, and the succession as President of a man who was removed from the custom house in New York for refusing to comply with the rules of Civil Service reform, by keeping in place corrupt and dishonest employes, as stated and proved by your Senator, John Sherman; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Democracy, deem it necessary that you should purify yourselves, and cast off the body of sin and death that has been with you since you came into power, and we heartily congratulate you in your acknowledgment hereof in the adoption of the Civil Service reform measure, and, as it is none of our [illegible], we stand from under.

For the Happiness of Home.

From a Clergyman's Home Comes a Message Containing the Wisdom of Experience.

Home is the centre of the social system. From it proceed the best and purest influences [illegible] the world, and towards it gravitate the tenderest hopes of humanity. For it all good men labor while their working days last, and around it their last thoughts linger lovingly when those days are done.

Yet home does not usually approach in practice its own ideals. The mother is overtaxed with household duties and the rearing and training of her children, while the father fights the outside battle to win the wherewithal to meet expenses. Sooner or later care and toil leave their marks. It is true enough, as Kingsley sings in the "Three Fishers," that

"Men must work, and women must weep,"

but too much working and weeping brush all the bloom from life's fruit.

Mental anxiety and lack of rest and pleasure induce physical diseases of many kinds; whence the need of a trustworthy tonic to give help and strength in times of need. Among the good women of the land who have found such a sure anchor is Mrs. A. C. George, wife of Rev. A. C. George, D. D., pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church, of Chicago, whose words we have permission to quote:

"I use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC in my family and can say that we are highly pleased with it as a tonic. From my experience of its value I recommend it as a reliable family medicine."

Please note: first, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is *not a mere essence of Ginger*; second, *it contains nothing to create an appetite for intoxicating drinks*; third, *it is a splendid health restorative for all who suffer from disordered Liver or Kidneys, or any disease arising from indigestion or impure blood.* Accept no substitute for it. Prices, 50c. and $1 per bottle. It is cheaper to buy the larger size. Hiscox & Co., New York.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, and HALL & RUCKEL, New York. [illegible]

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. [12-22-[illegible]]

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York. [illegible]

SEED

MOHAWK VALLEY

GARDENS

NELLIS

CANAJOHARIE N.Y.

Sixty dollars in six cash prizes was awarded in 1882 to six parties whose names and address we give in our Instructor for 1883. This season we again offer sixty dollars on the same conditions. For particulars how to compete send for Nellis' Floral and Garden Instructor, to A. C. Nellis, Canajoharie, N. Y., or send 15 cts. for a packet of seed, which contains full particulars and entitles the holder to compete for the prizes.

[illegible]

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised as by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. Jan. 19, 1883.-1y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FREE 225 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL [illegible] Size, 5 x 8, and an Illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome Illustrated standard Books & Bibles [illegible] Liberal terms [illegible] Bradley, Garretson & Co., [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 19, 1883.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

A Great Offer!

To all new subscribers and renewals paying us $2.50 in advance (which is only fifty cents more than the price of our own paper), we will send the FREEMAN for one year and also the

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

—CONTAINING—

CHOICE STORIES

Poetry and First-Class Literature for the Entertainment, Instruction Encouragement and Inspiration of

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Useful and interesting articles on HOME LIFE, HEALTH and HOME ECONOMY. Interesting Stories and valuable articles for

YOUNG PEOPLE,

together with a column of WIT AND HUMOR, making a first class magazine for all who enjoy what is GOOD AND LIVELY, or appreciate the TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL in Literature. Nothing out the

BRIGHTEST GEMS

are admitted into its columns. We will also send (postage paid) to each subscriber at above price,

30 CARD Chromos AND 12 LARGE Chromos FREE.

These Chromos are from separate, unique and beautiful designs. They are new and very attractive. The most exquisite premiums ever offered. They are not cheap pictures, but bright, cheerful and really artistic designs. Send in your orders. Renew your subscriptions and secure these magnificent premiums, with which to beautify your homes, at once. Address

CAMBRIA FREEMAN,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Goods cheap at the "Sugar Bowl."

—Buy at the "Sugar Bowl" and save money.

—Bread and cakes cheap at the "Sugar Bowl."

—Now is the time to buy goods cheap at the "Sugar Bowl." A visit will convince.

—Why, oh! why, in sending out his report, did Auditor Lemon forget that a copy we court?

—Rev. Wm. Shadrach will preach in the Baptist church, this place, on next Sunday at 3 o'clock, P. M.

—"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" when the sidewalks are slippy and the concussion is loud?

—The next Bedford county court is to wrestle with a case involving the princely sum of eighteen cents

—A far-fetched pun: There is one city in Kansas which nobody can depart from without Leavenworth behind.

—Wooden and willow ware, brushes, brooms, five and ten cent goods, at the "Sugar Bowl." Call and get bargains.

—The springtime approacheth beyond any doubt. Ye irrepressible organ-grinder made his debut in Huntingdon the other day.

—Nobody gets up early in Latrobe. At least it is fair to presume they don't, as they are all Latrobers. D'ye Fink ye see it?

☞ Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

—Rumor has it that five men were killed a few days ago by a premature blast on a railroad in the mountains north of Latrobe.

—Thomas Jones, Mt. Carmel, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters effectually for pain in the side, dizziness and indigestion."

—Dr. Zimmerman dissected a beef's heart and explained its functions, in the presence of Mr. Riddle's Physiology Class, on Wednesday afternoon.

—Peter and Andrew Gutwald, sons of Mr. Joseph Gutwald, of this place, intend to embark in the butchering business at Gallitzin on Monday next.

—"Pantaloon Shah" is the strikingly original nom-de-plume of the Wilmore correspondent of the Johnstown *Tribune*. He is evidently a Bashful writer.

—A sleighing party from Hollidaysburg proposes to invade Summitville this (Thursday) evening. Let them invade; 'tis only themselves will be sleighed.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register*, like many another paper before it, says there has been no reduction in the wages of sin. How about wages for *Over* work?

—Gossamers, all kinds, at Barkers'.

—James C. Gill, a resident of Smith's Mills, Clearfield county, was killed by cars at Osceola on Monday night of last week. He was intoxicated at the time.

—Oranges and lemons at Barkers'.

—The benignant rule of Gov. Pattison is already being felt. A man who owed us for five years' subscription remitted the amount on the day after the inauguration.

—This week mince meat at Barkers'.

—A Huntingdon man claims to have shot 27 wild turkeys and 280 squirrels during the past season. The hunting done by this particular Huntingdon hunter seems to have been to some purpose.

—This week more tomatoes at Barkers'.

—John Owens, High street, sells not only the best flour in Ebensburg, but his stock of groceries is unexcelled anywhere. Have you seen the new brands of tea, coffee and sugar he has got? If not, when you drop this paper go and take a look.

—This week canned salmon at Barkers'.

—J. H. Westbrook, of Portage, was arrested one day last week, and is now in the Indiana jail for passing a forged note amounting to about $65.00, bearing the name of his brother, Mr. N. B. Westbrook, ticket agent at Sonman, on Mr. Joseph Falloon, of Indiana.

—Men's Congress gossamers at Barkers'.

—Robert Rager, a freight brakeman on the Western Division Pa. R. R., and a resident of East Conemaugh, this county, was run over by an engine and instantly killed at Derry, Westmoreland county, on Tuesday last.

—This week new mackeral at Barkers'.

—There is some talk about removing the Singer sewing machine works from Elizabeth, N. J., to Johnstown, and the people of the latter place are so elated over the prospect that they don't know whether to Singer whistle.

—Boys' gossamers, all sizes, at Barker's.

—The Cambria House, in this place, was resold at public outcry on Monday afternoon, the purchaser in this instance being Miss Ann E. McDonald, one of the two heirs of the estate of which this is part, and the sum paid $3,000.

—Men's gossamers cheapest at Barkers'.

—Mr. James McAnamy, brother of Mr. Neal McAnamy, of Millville, dropped dead at his home in Milwaukee, Wis., on Tuesday of last week, but the nature of his disease is not stated. Deceased formerly resided in Johnstown, and was much esteemed. May he rest in peace.

—Assortments for one dollar at Barkers'.

—Two sleds filled to repletion with ladies from Johnstown and parts adjacent disembarked at Heist's Mountain House, this place, Wednesday forenoon, and after refreshing themselves with an excellent dinner, departed for home in joyful glee, or gleeful joy.

—This week Lima beans at Barkers'.

—Wilmore has a theatrical combination called the Star Farce Company, but it don't seem to stick to the text, as we are told that on a recent occasion it drew tears from many an eye unused to weep by its rendition of the "Bridal Wine Cup." Perhaps they were hooks and eyes.

—Ladies' sunset gossamers at Barkers'.

—It affords us pleasure to state that Mas- er Ollie Henry, whose condition last week, we announced, was anything but encour- ging, is now in a fair way to recover from he serious injury he sustained by falling on he stone steps of the Catholic church, this ace, on New Year's morning.

-Ladies' gossamers, $1.50, at Barkers'.

The Altoona *Tribune* contemplates the g of a Sunday edition, and the Hunt- n *News* says "Don't!" If not, why The third commandment is broken in getting out a daily paper on morning, and it may as well be bro- o pieces as not.

week new codfish at Barkers'.

Roberts keeps the only first-class ats and caps suitable to this sea- d in Ebensburg. They are of es, and marked low down. mes to clocks, watches, jew- ell, ask anybody about it nce. They'll tell you.

pples at Barkers'.

ippet was lost some- urg and Loretto on r will confer a favor ho prizes the article present from one of intrinsic value, by bensburg or Loretto

amers at Barkers'.

—Ladies' Newport gossamers at Barkers'.

—A man named Berry met with a horrible death on the railroad near Saxton, Bedford county, one day last week. He was at work on the track and accidentally fell and stuck a pick in his stomach. While trying to pull out the pick a train backed down upon him, crushing in his skull and killing him on the spot.

—Ladies' Niagara gossamers at Barkers'.

—Several ladies, young and middle-aged, of this place, got up a doe party and took advantage of the good sleighing on Monday last by indulging in a trip to Hollidaysburg, Newry, and other points thereaway, returning on the following day. They declare to goodness that they had an elegant time and an immense amount of it.

—Mince meat 10 cts. per pound at Barkers'.

—Our young friend W. S. Huntley, eldest son of Mr. Geo. Huntley, one of Ebensburg's most enterprising citizens, who has been doing business for his father in West Brownsville for several months past, has returned home, and is once again lending a helping hand at the old stand on High street. Who succeeds him at West Brownsvlie we are unable to say.

—Messrs. Coulter & Huff, of Greensburg, bought 266 acres of coal land adjoining that borough on Saturday last, the price paid ranging from $100 to $150 per acre. It is almost superfluous to add that our big-hearted friend and landlord, Col. Geo. F. Huff, is the junior member of the above named firm, which, by the way, is one of the most prosperous and progressive in this great coal-producing State.

—This week canned pine apple at Barkers'.

—In order to get a "clerical railroad ticket" over the Pennsylvania railroad under the new dispensation, a minister must certify that he has two or more charges on the road, and that the ticket will be used exclusively for the purpose of visiting these charges. It is also stated that ministers attending conferences or other religious gatherings must hereafter pay full fare.

—Sleigh bells $1.00 per string at Barkers'.

—Four hundred invitations are said to have been issued for a wedding in high life in which a young lady well known and much esteemed in this community is to assume the role of the happy bride. The brilliant affair is to take place in a far off western city, the home of the fair one, as it may be, for aught we know, of the brave one, and the 6th of next month is the time designated.

—Largest stock of gossamers at Barkers'.

—"How does it come that that town clock of ours keeps such good time?" is often asked about the time-piece on the tower of the Court House. Because Carl Rivinius keeps it in repair, is the sometime answer. Mr. Rivinius is not only a skillful mechanician, but his stock of clocks, watches, jewelry, etc., High street, Ebensburg, can nowhere be surpassed for elegance, excellence and cheapness.

—The Huntingdon *Globe* printing office was disposed of at public sale, on Tuesday of last week, to Mr. Howard E. Butz, who has had charge of the establishment for the past few months, his bid, the highest offered, being $3,600. The new proprietor is a practical printer and a graceful writer, and the fact has already been demonstrated that the *Globe* will lose none of its well-earned prestige under his management. Success.

—Misses' gossamers, all sizes, at Barkers'.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad officials have just issued an order notifying passengers that the company will hereafter require them to have their baggage checked at least five minutes before the departure of the train upon which they intend to take passage. Baggage agents are instructed to check all baggage presented, provided they have time, but the company does not obligate itself to carry the same unless the above order has been strictly complied with.

—Ladies' economist gossamers at Barkers'.

—Mr. Alexander Henderson, proprietor of the Henderson House, Cherrytree, and also of a large timber job in Indiana county, surprised the natives on Tuesday last by putting seventy-five teams at work on his job, from which he expects to put in twenty rafts of timber and eight rafts of spars. He recently paid thirty-two thousand dollars for what is known as the Britt tract of land, located about four miles from Strongstown, Indiana county, and on which he is now operating.

—McDonald, of Loretto, sells 12 lbs. good brown sugar for $1.00; 10 lbs. good white sugar, $1.00; 3 lbs. good tea, $1.00; 8 lbs. good green coffee, $1.00; 6 lbs. best roasted coffee, $1.00; 4 boxes essence coffee, 10 cts.; 4 papers soda, 10 cts.; 5 lbs. oatmeal, 25 cts.; 5 lbs. hominy, 25 cts.; 4 lbs. barley, 25 cts.; 8 lbs. rice, 25 cts.; common molasses, 40 cts. per gallon; good syrup, 60 cts. per gallon. All kinds of canned goods, dried fruits, fish, meat, flour, corn, etc., etc., kept constantly on hand.

—Men's cemented gossamers at Barkers'.

—An old lady named Kimmell, aged about 84 years and sadly impaired in both mind and body, as well as badly deformed, got up from her bed at the residence of her son, in Stonycreek township, Somerset county, on last Saturday night, and leaving the house wandered away for some distance. Not returning after a considerable time search was instituted, and the poor woman was found on her hands and knees and so terribly frozen that she died soon after being taken back to the house.

_ "Skill and patience succeed where force fails." The quiet skill and patient research which brought forth Kidney Wort illustrates the truth of the fable. Its grand success is everywhere admitted. Disease never comes to us without a cause. Ask any good physician the reason and he will tell you something interferes with the working of the great organs. Kidney Wort enables them to overcome all obstructions and preserve perfect health. Try a box or bottle at once.

—The Huntingdon *Journal* has entered upon the forty-seventh year of its publication. It is conducted with very decided ability, and, although Republican in its politics, has no sort of patience with the ways of Republican bosses. During the late campaign in this State it took open and decided ground in opposition to Cameronism, and waged a vigorous warfare against ring rule as well in county as in State affairs. The *Journal* has our best wishes for its long continued prosperity.

—Thomas Edwards, a young young man residing in Johnstown, stepped aside while crossing the P. R. R. bridge over the Conemaugh a few evenings ago, to permit another man going in the opposite direction to pass him by, and in doing so missed his footing and fell into the water, a distance of probably thirty-five feet. Of course he got a thorough ducking, but, strange as may seem, he sustained no injury, and was able to walk home unattended after being assisted from his unpleasant position.

—Brother Lutz, of the Bedford *Republican*, went all the way to Canajoharie, N. Y., not many days ago, to marry Miss Hattie Way, who seems to have got away with his heart while teaching school in Bedford several years ago. That is the way of the world in matters of love, we know, but in this instance our journalistic friend has taken his own Way and won a wife whom, we hope, will have Lutz of reason for congratulating herself on the fact that she came in his way and was found wanting—nobody else.

—Our worthy friend of long standing, Capt. Geo. W. Gageby, was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain, on last Saturday evening, by the employees of the C. I. Co.'s machine shop, Johnstown, of which he had for a number of years been the foreman, and with which he has just severed his connection for the purpose of assuming a similar position at the Tradegar Iron Works, Chattanooga. We know of no one more deserving of such a testimonial than our friend George, and we trust that health and prosperity may abide wite him in his new home.

—Shortly after midnight on Saturday morning, as we learn from the Altoona *Tribune*, a freight brakeman on the Pittsburgh division, named Harry A. Stufft, fell off his train near the Greensburg tunnel and was instantly killed, the wheels of several cars passing over his body, mutilating it almost beyond recognition. The deceased was a resident of Blair county, having been born and raised near Canan's station. He was about 20 years of age and unmarried. On Saturday night his remains were taken to Altoona on Fast Line and thence to the residence of his mother at Canan's station. Stufft had only been on the road a couple of months and was with Conductor Dan. Pringle when killed.

—Your sister wants a gossamer from Barkers'.

—It was discovered on last Saturday morning that an attempt had been made the night previous by George Bradley and John Dorian, two of the prisoners in our county jail, to file or cut in some way the bolt or rod which secures the door leading to their cell, and upon investigation an old case knife, with teeth worked in similar to those of a saw, and an ordinary-sized pocket knife were found on the person of Dorian. Mollie Brown, who is serving out a sentence of six months for larceny, has had free run of the kitchen, where she assists in the work when the spirit moves her, but as it is supposed she carried the articles mentioned to the prisoners above named, she will hereafter be strictly confined to her cell and more closely watched.

☞—When the Mail Express was leaving Cresson and the Mail west pulled up at the same station on last Saturday evening, the engineer of the latter train noticed a man lying at the side of the track, and when picked up blood was gushing from his nose and mouth. He was taken to Altoona, where the company physician failed to find any marks of violence on his person, though he seemed to be suffering great pain. He gave his name as Stout, his age as 19 years, and his home in Lehigh county, and said that he had been struck by one of the two trains named. He was sent to the Blair county almshouse for treatment.

—Your son wants a gossamer from Barkers'.

—Soon after we entered the old *Standard* office, in Hollidaysburg, many years ago, to wrestle with the "art preservative," we took a fancy to the Franklin (Pa.) *Spectator*, then as now, we presume, one of its most welcome weekly visitors, and we seldom failed to confiscate it for our own entertainment. This admiration for that venerable and ably conducted Democratic paper has "grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength," and now that it has just entered on the thirty-fifth year of its long and prosperous career, we bid it hail, and trust that its days in the land and the dollars in its treasury may be next to innumerable.

—New and latest style gossamers at Barkers'.

—An exchange says that "a new railroad, the company being already chartered, is to be built, beginning at Johnstown and connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at that point, thence by the Conemaugh and Kiskeminetas rivers, and it is said will follow the bed of the old canal, as the P. R. R. does not occupy it, through Apollo and Leechburg, down to the Allegheny river, crossing and going through Freeport, thence up the Big Buffalo to Butler, and connecting with the Pittsburgh and Western, thus giving the B. & O. R. R. an outlet to Pittsburgh, east and west. Engineers are already engaged surveying and laying out the road."

—Your brother wants a gossamer from Barkers'.

—A kindly act was done in Blacklick township a few days ago, and we only regret that our correspondent did not furnish us with the names of the gentlemen who performed the generous deed, as we would have been glad to publish them. It seems that Mr. W. H. Wilson, the young man who had his leg fractured in two places while at work in Henderson and Baker's timber camp some time last fall, was visited by a number of men from said camp on Sunday last, who made him a present of a check for $37.55 as an evidence of their sympathy for him in the misfortune which has so long rendered him incapable of earning a living.

—Your daughter wants a gossamer from Barkers'.

—A number of the leading Republicans of this place, not wishing to allow Mr. D. H. Kinkead, late Deputy Sheriff, to take his departure for Johnstown, where, as we have already said, he has secured a first class clerkship, and for which place he left on Saturday morning, without commemorating the event in some way—not because they were rejoiced at his departure—concluded to have a sort of political love feast on Friday evening for that purpose. Supper was served at the Cambria House, and later in the evening they met at the office of A. V. Barker, Esq., where and when, after several speeches, Mr. K. was presented with a gold pen, a box of cigars, and several other articles of lesser value—all presents from his fellow associates. It is proper to add here that Lem. Davis, Esq., was at the same time and place made the recipient of a handsome (?) sword and sash, his friends not knowing but what he might need them in the position to which he has recently been called—that of Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate at Harrisburg. If we had been Lem. we would have *sword* that we didn't *scythe* after any accoutrements of that kind.

A Most Wonderful Case.

Dying—yet living. DR MILLER, of 129 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I am personally acquainted with a middle-aged lady in Philadelphia, who had been given up to die by a consultation of many physicians. She was confined to her bed for months, and was momentarily expected to die. In this condition she took to *Manalin* and to the surprise and disappointment of all, she recovered her health perfectly. Her case is reported in Dr. HARTMAN's Book on the "Ills of Life," 31st page. Ask your druggist for one, or address Dr. HARTMAN, Osborn, Ohio.

MASONIC MERRY-MAKING.—A very social and pleasant time was enjoyed by the Masonic fraternity of this place on Tuesday evening last, the occasion being the first official visit of D. D. G. M. John H. Dibert, of Johnstown, to Summit Lodge, No. 312, of this place. Mr. Dibert was accompanied by fifteen members of the fraternity from Johnstown, who came overland in sleighs. Several visiting brethren from other localities participated. They first visited the Lodge and installed the following named gentlemen to serve as officers of Summit Lodge: W. M., Edmund James; S. W., John C. Gates; J. W., Geo. C. K. Zahm; Treasurer, V. S. Barker; Secretary, Geo. A. Kinkead. After the business of the Lodge had been disposed of, the brethren proceeded to the Cambria House, where an oyster supper had been previously prepared at short notice, and where they sat down and refreshed the inner man. After supper the participants were entertained by music, several very fine singers being of the party.—Those from Johnstown, of whose visit the members of Summit Lodge shall ever entertain pleasant recollections, accompanied with the hope that it will not be the last one, returned home as they came the same night.

GRAPE WINE FOR COMMUNION.—The superb quality and entire purity of Speer's Port Grape Wine, of New Jersey, and the success that physicians have had by its use, has induced them to write about it, and caused hundreds of others to prescribe it in their practice as the best and most reliable wine to be had. It is held in great favor for communion purposes, and is of great benefit to consumptives. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa.

FIRE IN CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.—The dwelling house of Mr. Hugh Edwards, one of the largest and best houses in Cambria township, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, P. M. Many articles were carried from the building, such as bed clothes, etc., but caught fire from flying sparks, and nearly all of them were destroyed, nothing except two sewing machines, a cooking and a heating stove, and a few other things of less value being saved. It is not known positively what was the cause of the fire, but it is supposed to have originated from a defective flue. We have failed to learn what Mr. Edwards estimates his loss at, but are informed that he had it insured in the Mutual Protection Fire Insurance Company, of this place, to the extent of $800, which amount will by no means cover the loss.

HONEST AND LIBERAL.

When the Hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, $1.25 per lb.) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honorable and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain, or buy or use worthless stuff, or cheating bogus imitations because the price is less.

THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY.—A unique little semi-weekly magazine under this title has begun publication in New York. Each number is to contain a *complete literary gem*, a characteristic specimen of the best production of the brain of the author who is represented. The numbers taken together will form a beautiful little cyclopedia of the world's choicest literature. Price only two cents a number, or $2 a year. No. 1 contains Washington Irving's delightful story of Rip Van Winkle. No. 2, Canon Farrar's graphic story of The Burning of Rome and the persecution of the early Christians under Nero. Other numbers following are "The Sea Serpents of Science," by Dr. Wilsons; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden;" Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," "The Traveler," &. Specimen copy sent free on request. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey street, New York.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15cts. Quick, complete and permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

"THE JUDGE" is the title of a new, handsome and elegantly illustrated comic paper issued by "The Judge" Publishing Company, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and, as an exchange remarks, its columns "would make a dog laugh." It sparkles with genuine wit and is free from every thing like coarseness or vulgarity. Its artists stand at the head of their profession as is conclusively shown by their admirable illustrations in its columns, and in addition to this "*The Judge*" is full of intelligent reading matter. If any man wants lots of fun let him send for *The Judge*, whose advertisement will be found elsewhere in our paper.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.

Is three times the man he was before using "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

BARNESVILLE, Clay Co., Minn.,
January 10, 1883.

DEAR FREEMAN—It is some time since I last wrote promising more anon. So to-day I will try to redeem in part my promise. I am still in the "Golden Northwest," as the admirers of this region call this favored land, 218 miles northwest from St. Paul, in the famous "Red River Valley," the great wheat belt of the northwest, but while perusing the columns of the FREEMAN, that ever welcome visitor, I often imagine that I am once more back in old Cambria, where Democracy rules the day and where my "old boss," Gust. Luther, so well fills the office of Sheriff, and I really long for a sojourn in the midst of my old friends and co-workers in the noble work of reform which is now sweeping this glorious country of ours like an avalanche.

The weather in this section has been rather cold for some time, the thermometer going down to 39° below zero, but one don't feel the cold near so much here as they would in Pennsylvania, as the atmosphere is dry. I have handled the square when the thermometer was 30° below zero and did not suffer very much from cold, which is more than a man could endure in the East. The summers here are delightful, and as the farmer has nothing to do in winter but market his grain and prepare wood, he can do that at his leisure without exposing himself to very severe cold.

Barnesville is destined to become quite a railroad town, it being the terminus of four divisions of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R. R. The two trunk lines from St. Paul unite and again diverge at this point, one going to Crookston and thence to St. Vincent, on the east side of Red River, and the other by way of Fargo and Grand Forks, on the west side, also connecting at St. Vincent for Winnipeg and points in Manitoba, B. A. The company have erected a large round house and coal shed at this point, and propose erecting a depot, machine and car shops, and other works in the spring. So we expect to have lively times here next summer. A very fine country is tributary to this point, where splendid crops of No. 1 hard wheat are raised in profusion, which, coupled with railroad business, will do much towards building up a flourishing town.

Our mutual friend, Mr. J. K. McCoy is at present working with me, having just returned from a flying visit to Cambria county, but his time being limited he was unable to pay a visit to the FREEMAN office, which he wished to do.

I am glad to notice that our old time friend "Rob Roy" is still at his post, and remembers the FREEMAN.

As I have already trespassed on your generosity, I will close by wishing the FREEMAN and its readers a long and prosperous career.

Your old friend, F. P. McC.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for February is such a beautiful number, that many persons will think it even better than the January one. The principal steel-plate, "Going to School," is especially cunning; and "Two Little Pussies," printed on tint, is only less so. Then there are four colored designs in embroidery for D'Oyleys; and double size colored steel fashion-plates; a beautifully illustrated story; and about fifty other embellishments. The "Professional Beauty," by Frank Lee Benedict, is continued, with increasing interest. But the most striking story in the number, one of the most striking we have read for a long while, is "The Snake Charmer." This, like all the other stories in "Peterson," is original and by an American author; in fact that can be said of hardly any other of the monthlies. The price of this magazine is but *two dollars* a year, with great deductions to clubs, so that every lady can afford to subscribe to it; and certainly no lady, no family, ought to be without it. Its enormous circulation, in which, we believe, it excels all the other lady's books combined, can alone explain why so splendid a magazine can be furnished at so low a price. Now, by-the-by, is the very time to subscribe for the new year.—Specimens are sent gratis to those wishing to subscribe, or to get up clubs, and especially handsome premiums are given for getting up clubs. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SPECIAL MEETING OF COUNCIL.—Council met on Monday evening, Jan. 15th, at call of Burgess, at the office of A. Evans, Esq., for the purpose of taking action in regard to the short supply of water in the reservoir, and the advisability of closing the same off for a few days, or until the walking beam connecting with the engine can be repaired.—The following members were present: Burgess Roberts, Councilmen Barker, Gutwald, Evans, Hughes and Jones.

It was moved that the water be shut off on the following day (Tuesday) at 8 o'clock, A. M., to be turned on again at the discretion of the Superintendent. Carried.

On motion, a committee of two, consisting of Burgess Roberts and Councilman Evans, was appointed to inquire into the feasibility of procuring a further supply of water, and report to Council as soon as practicable.

J. S. DAVIS, Clerk.

A BIG THING FOR THE PRICE.—The greatest amount of value for the smallest amount of money, in a literary sense, is furnished by the *Continental Magazine*, a new monthly just established in Baltimore, the first number of which is now before us. It contains twenty-eight large pages of choice reading matter, comprising the most charming stories, sketches, poems, etc., as well as a beautifully illustrated title page and four fine engravings, and is furnished at the remarkably low price of 50 cents per year.—We would be glad to offer it in connection with our own paper, but as anybody can get it at the price indicated, and we would be ashamed to ask it for less, we can do no better than commend it to the patronage of our readers, one and all. A specimen copy can be seen and blanks for ordering it obtained by calling at this office.

SEEDS.

The amount of seeds annually used in this country is something wonderful compared with that required fifty years ago. Among the largest firms that supply seed is that of A. C. Nellis, of the Mohawk Valley Seed Gardens, located at Canajoharie, N. Y. The quantity of seeds annually shipped from these gardens is very large and no one who requires seeds for the coming season should purchase before seeing the beautiful catalogues published there. The retail issue contains an elegant chromo and much information, sent free to all, or with a packet of choice flower or vegetable seed for a 3 cent stamp. Wholesale catalogues free to all Dealers, Market Gardeners and Florists. See advt. in another column.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,
  By autumn's crimson tinted;
Some people autumn leaves preserve
  By pressing them, she hinted.
The meaning of the gentle hint
  The lover did discern,
And so he clasped her round the neck,
  And glued his lips to her'n.

We don't like that word "her'n," but it seems to be the best the poet can give us on the present occasion. But we *do* like the style of the boots and shoes, for both men and women, sold at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona.—They are not only the nicest and best in market, but they are likewise the cheapest, and an order, in person or by mail, will fix this statement on your memory as a fact which cannot be forgotten.

WHEN falls the soulful moonbeams,
  Upon the back-yard fence,
And tuneful feline choristers
  Their serenade commence,
The suffering æsthetic,
  His utterness forgot,
Hurls madly through the midnight air
  His too-too sunflower pot.

Oscar Wilde has gone, and let us forget him as soon as possible. He and his sunflower were uniform frauds. But let none of us forget, nor none of us write it down as a fraud, that the New York Clothing House, 210 Main street, Johnstown, sells aught but the very best ready-made clothing at the very lowest prices. This firm deals in only approved goods, and the man who suggests that satisfaction in all respects is not given him may have the purchase price returned him on demand. Try and see!

THERE is a man at Hoosick Falls
  Who patched with tin his overalls;
    The icy spot
    He heedeth not,
  But swiftly slideth when he falls.

Hoosick Falls is far away from here, to be sure. It must be in Massachusetts. Ben. Butler is Governor of that State now. If B. B.—mark this!—ever patches his overalls with tin or anything else when he can buy a nice new business or dress suit for little or nothing at Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, he must be a more longitudinal lunatic than his inaugural message would indicate. Mr. Murphy has a splendid stock of overcoats which he desires us to say he will sell at cost, to make room for the coming spring opening.

THE LEADING COMIC PAPER,

THE JUDGE,

Sparkling with Wit and Fun; Free from Vulgarity. All News Stands. 10 cents.

[1-19,'83.]

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CASPER DIMOND, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Casper Dimond, late of Croyle township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

C. A. DIMOND, Executor.
Croyle Twp., Jan. 19, 1883.-6t.

NOTICE.—I hereby warn all parties not to harbor my son, neither to pay him any of my accounts, as I will not be responsible for any debts he may contract or any money he may collect. S. B. CORN.
Altoona, Jan. 19, 1883.-4t.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the practice of the law, under the firm name of Sechler & Kittell, has this day expired by limitation. The business of the firm will be concluded by the partners at their former offices in Ebensburg and Johnstown.

WM. H. SECHLER,
M. D. KITTELL.
Ebensburg, Jan. 19, 1883.—19-1t.

STRAY SHEEP.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Carroll township, some time during last Fall, a yew sheep, supposed to be about two years old, and bearing marks which can be described by the rightful owner, who is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of as the law directs.

THOMAS MEISEL.
Cambria Twp., Jan. 19, 1883.-3t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN LUMEREAUX, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of John Lumereaux, late of Blacklick township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly proven for settlement.

JOHN B. HITE,
Belsano, Jan. 19, 1883.-6t*. Administrator.

NOTICE.—To the heirs and legal representatives of JOHN S. GOUGHNOUR, dec'd.

Take notice, that an inquest will be held at the late residence of John S. Goughnour, deceased, in the township of Taylor, in the county of Cambria, on *Wednesday, the 28th day of February, 1883*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of the said deceased to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same according to law, at which time and place you are required to attend if you think proper. D. A. LUTHER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan 19 1883.-6t.

NOTICE.—To the heirs and legal representatives of EDWARD BOYLE, dec'd:

Take notice, that an inquest will be held at the late residence of Edward Boyle, deceased, in the township of Carroll, in the county of Cambria, on Monday, the 26th day of February next, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of the said deceased to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same according to law, at which time and place you are required to attend if you think proper.

D. A. LUTHER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—*In the matter of the assigned estate of H. J. Hads for the benefit of creditors.*

And now, to wit, the 3rd day of January, 1883, Alvin Evans appointed Auditor to ascertain and report the amount due all persons claiming a preference out of the assigned estate for the wages of labor. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at my office, in Ebensburg, on *Wednesday, January 31st, 1883*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to attend to the duties contained in the above order of Court, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper. ALVIN EVANS,
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—*In the matter of the account of J. A. Shoemaker, Assignee of Robert Gillan.*

And now, to wit, the sixth day of December, A. D. 1882, M. D. Kittell appointed Auditor to pass on exceptions filed, etc. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at the Arbitration Room, in the Court House, Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the eighth day of February, A. D. 1883*, at one o'clock P. M., to attend to said duties, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of R. E. Dignan, administrator of Matthew Dignan, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will sit at the Arbitration Room, in the Court House, Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the 30th day of January, 1883*, at one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Oliver Westover, Executor of Joseph C. Westover, deceased, to and among the parties interested, hereby gives notice that he will sit in the Arbitration Room, in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on *Monday, February 5th, 1883*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, to distribute funds in the hands of F. J. Christy, Executor of Francis X. Christy, deceased, as shown by his final account, to and amongst the parties entitled to receive the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, on *Monday, January 29th, 1883*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper. ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the second and final account of Paul McKenna and Julius Eger, Executors of James Mehaffey.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the said Executors, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my said appointment at the Arbitration Room in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on *Wednesday, February 7, 1883*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all interested may attend.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the second and partial account of John A. Blair and John Lloyd, Assignees of N. J. Freidhoff.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the Assignees, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at the Arbitration Room in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, February 6, 1883*, at 2 P. M., when and where all interested may attend.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of Edward Rooney, Executor of the last will and testament of James Collins, late of the borough of Tunnelhill, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on *Tuesday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1881*, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims must present them, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of Sylvester McKenzie, Administrator of Thomas Brookbank, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, at 2 o'clock P. M., on *Friday, the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1883*, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims must present them, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to distribute funds in the hands of Evan M. Davis, Executor of David M. Davis, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 1st day of February, A. D. 1883*, for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims must present them or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers his farm in Cambria township, one mile south of Ebensburg, at private sale on very moderate terms. Said farm contains **125 Acres**, between 80 and 90 of which are cleared, and having thereon a good FRAME HOUSE and BANK BARN. The land is well fenced and there is an abundance of apple and cherry trees on the premises. If not sold before the 1st of next April, the farm will then be for rent. For further particulars call on or address JAMES MYERS,
Jan. 12, 1883.-2t\&m. Ebensburg, Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of EMANUEL BRALLIER, dec'd.

Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of Emanuel Brallier, late of Jackson township, deceased, the undersigned hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them in proper legal form for settlement.

EMANUEL BRALLIER,
SAMUEL BRALLIER, } Executors.
Ebensburg, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of HENRY TOPPER, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Henry Topper, late of Adams township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. TOPPER, Administrator.
Wilmore, Jan. 12, 1883.-3t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH BILLER, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Biller, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that prompt payment must be made, and those having claims or demands against the same will present present them legally authenticated for settlement.

MINNIE BILLER, Administratrix.
Gallitzin, Jan. 5, 1883.-6t.*

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offer at private sale a two story frame house and lot of ground, situate on Main street, in Loretto borough. The house contains ten rooms, and the lot has a good spring of pure water upon it. For terms, etc., call on or address S. & F. VAUGHT,
Jan. 5, 1883.-3m Loretto P. O.

AT WANAMAKER'S

Visitors to Philadelphia are invited to visit the store, whether to see or to buy. Your parcels are checked; a waiting-room is provided, where you may rest with ladies and children; guides conduct you through the house, or you wander at will; there are many things of interest to see, and a welcome.

For two years, perhaps, we have had the richest, largest, most varied and most exhaustive collection of dress-goods in Philadelphia. Before that, we may have had the largest, and even the most exhaustive, but perhaps not the richest. The slowest trade to come to a new merchant is the trade of luxury. It is the slowest to change from one to another. But it does change.

We may say our dress-goods of all sorts are at about their highest now.

Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Silks of all sorts have come; and never were silks more acceptable. And these words have a meaning here beyond any they could have elsewhere; because of the greater variety of wants that look to us for supply. We must have all accepted styles, and all the approved qualities of those styles; and, as to colors, can you think of one that we can do without?

A store that has only one class of trade can get along with comparatively few silks. Which stock would you rather buy out of?

Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Two damask towels at 15 and 18 cents may serve to show what we gain by buying of the makers. The very same towels are in the wholesale trade in New York at about 21 and 22 cents, which means at least 25 cents at retail.

We are not going to say that all our retail prices are below New York wholesale; nothing of the sort. "More than one swallow to make a summer." But where such towels are to be got for 15 cents is a good place to look for bed and table-linen, and all the other linens. That's what we mean exactly; it's true, too.

Outer circle, City-hall square entrance.

A very wide and surprisingly good navy-blue twilled flannel for 50 cents; 45-inch.

Do you remember a 35-cent flannel for 25 cents, of which we had 18,000 yards last fall? Afterward we got 7,000 yards more of it; and a little of it is left yet. That is 23-inch. This wide flannel is fully as good as that.

Third circle, southeast from center.

All the warmer sorts of underwear are ready; for men, women and children; thick-cotton, merino, wool, and silk. All the sorts needed for all sorts of people with all sorts of notions; and, for people who want it, there is quite a little wit about underwear to be picked up at the counter. Where else would you look for it? Not in books surely; for goods are changing all the time; and so get ahead of books.

West of Arcade, 1318 Chestnut; west counter.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper accessible by horse cars from everywhere.

BEER BOTTLING.—Having purchased the Bottling Establishment of R. Abel & Co., Dec. 4, 1882, we have exclusive control of the bottling of Franz Falk's celebrated Milwaukee Export Beer. Sold in pints and quarts. Orders for Beer in kegs or barrels promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Telephone in office.

GAMBRINUS BOTTLING CO.
Office and Works, 158 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

N. B.—All goods delivered to R. R. depots in Pittsburgh free. We only bottle Franz Falk's Export Beer. Also, a full line of Wines and Liquors. Orders solicited. THOS. BYRNE,
Dec. 22, 1882.-3m. Secretary.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES BRADLEY, dec'd.

Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of Charles Bradley, late of Allegheny township, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them in proper legal form for settlement. JOSEPH HOGUE, Executor.
Allegheny Twp., Jan. 5, 1883.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHIAS BEHE, dec'd.

Letters testamentary having been issued to the undersigned on the estate of Matthias Behe, late of Allegheny township, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them, properly probated for settlement, to MICHAEL NOON, Executor.
Carroll Twp., Dec. 22, 1882.-6t.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Estate of C. D. BRADLEY, deceased.

Letters testamentary to the estate of Capt. Dan. Bradley, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased, have been issued to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same should present them properly probated for settlement.

MARGARET BRADLEY, Executrix.
Gallitzin, Jan. 5, 1883.-6t.*

A BEAUTIFUL COLORED ENGRAVING of the late President Garfield, and his Cabinet, containing full size pictures of the President, Blaine, Windom, Lincoln, Hunt, MacVeagh, Kirkwood and James. It is printed in 15 colors and worth double the price. This picture usually retails at 75 cents. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. ChromoCard Co., Ebensburg.

A Few Frozen Facts for Clothing Buyers.

A long and active business experience renders it possible for

GODFREY WOLF,

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST-OFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.,

To fit and please everybody in CLOTHING. He believes that he has absolutely the very

BEST READY-MADE CLOTHING IN THE STATE.

The Best because it is the Finest.
The Best because it is Better Made.
The Best because it is Better Fitting.
The Best because it is Lower in Price.

The real goodness of our Clothing is manifest. We keep the

Harris Globe Mills, or Ray Worsted Goods,

Ready-made in Men's and Boys' Clothing.

There is NONE BETTER for WEAR.

Nowhere else is there such a superb stock of silk-lined, elegantly shaped, foreign fabric OVERCOATS. The colorings are beautiful and attractive beyond description.

Clothing for Young Men and Boys.

The same thoughtful attention is apparent in these departments, the stock being complete in the finest and most elegant garments.

COMPARISON OF OUR STYLES AND PRICES

SHOW HOW WELL OUR PATRONS ARE SERVED.

Underwear and Neckwear.

We have a splendid stock---much of it imported. Prices low.

THE BRISK BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND

TESTIFIES TO THE FACT THAT

OUR CLOTHING IS JUST WHAT THE PUBLIC DESIRES,

WHILE OUR SYSTEM OF DOING BUSINESS,

HAVING BUT ONE PRICE AND GUARANTEEING SATISFACTION,

PROTECTS THE BUYER.

We have all our best goods manufactured to order, and our prices will be found lower than at any other respectable clothing house.

GODFREY WOLF'S PIONEER CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.

CHICAGO

WEEKLY NEWS

—AND THE—

Cambria Freeman

—FOR—

$2 PER YEAR, Postage Included,

WITH A VALUABLE LITTLE BOOK GRATIS.

The CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is recognized as a paper unsurpassed in all the requirements of American journalism. It stands conspicuous among the metropolitan journals of the country as a complete Newspaper. In the matter of telegraphic service, having the advantage of connection with the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, it has at its command all the dispatches of the Western Associated Press, besides a very extensive service of Special Telegrams from all important points. As a Newspaper it has no superior. It is INDEPENDENT in Politics, presenting all Political News free from partisan bias or coloring, and absolutely without fear or favor as to parties.

It is, in the fullest sense, a FAMILY PAPER. Each issue contains several COMPLETED STORIES, a SERIAL STORY of absorbing interest, and a rich variety of condensed notes on Fashions, Art, Industries, Literature, Science, etc., etc. Its Market Quotations are complete, and to be relied upon.

It is unsurpassed as an Enterprising, Pure and Trustworthy GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER. Our special Clubbing Terms bring it within the reach of all. Specimen copies may be seen at this office.

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NOW IS YOUR TIME!

GET TWO WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

And the Best Inland Daily at Reduced Rates.

The subscription price of the WEEKLY PATRIOT is $1.00 per annum, cash in advance.

Hereafter the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the New York *Weekly Sun* will be sent to the same address, one year, for $1.90, cash in advance; or the WEEKLY PATRIOT and Philadelphia *Weekly Times* for $2, cash in advance.

To any person getting up a club of ten or more subscribers to the WEEKLY PATRIOT, at $1.00 per copy per annum, one copy will be sent gratis for the year.

The subscription price of the DAILY PATRIOT by mail is $7.00 per annum, cash in advance. If not paid in advance $7.00 per annum will be charged; for six months, $3.00 in advance or $3.50 if not paid in advance; and at proportional rates for shorter periods. The DAILY PATRIOT during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature will be especially interesting. Send for sample copies of Daily and Weekly. Remittances must be made by Post Office money order or draft accepted by bank on which it is drawn. Address PATRIOT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 320 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa.

J. A. SCHWAB'S

LIVERY, SALE AND BOARDING STABLE,

EBENSBURG, Pa.

HAVING leased the large new Stable connected with Heist's Mountain House, the undersigned is prepared to furnish good horses and the best of turnouts to all persons wishing to be accommodated in that way. None but first class livery stock and substantial vehicles kept on hire. Horses, carriages, buggies, wagons, sleighs, etc., kept on sale at manufacturers' prices, and horse stock fed and taken care of at moderate rates.

☞ The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Terms always the lowest. Office open day and night. JOHN A. SCHWAB.
Ebensburg, Jan. 5, 1883.-6m.

T. J. STEPHENS,

—DEALER IN—

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c.,

GALLITZIN, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

ALL goods in my line at lower prices than anywhere else in the county. Jewelry sold by me warranted solid gold or gold plate. Repair work of every description attended to promptly, satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. [10-3.-ly.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JULIA BARRINGTON, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Julia Barrington, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal form for settlement.

WILLIAM LEMMON, Executor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 22, 1882.-6t.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor), Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street, nearly opposite the new Court House.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck

JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1865.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $136,000.
Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-ly.

JOHN McNEVIN,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE,
—AND DEALER IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

1794. 1882.

T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1881.-ly*

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
Three Doors West of Postoffice,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.
Sept. 15, 1882.-tf.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.
HAS NO EQUAL FOR CURING COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, CROUP, &c.
WHOOPING-COUGH, AND ALL THROAT & LUNG TROUBLES
PRICE 25 Cts.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNE
☞ Office on Centre st

CHEAP!
CHEAPER!
CHEAPEST!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
Housefurnishing Goods,
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
of various styles and patterns:
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality:
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
MOWING MACHINES, HORSE HAY RAKES
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of **Harvesting Tools.** Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

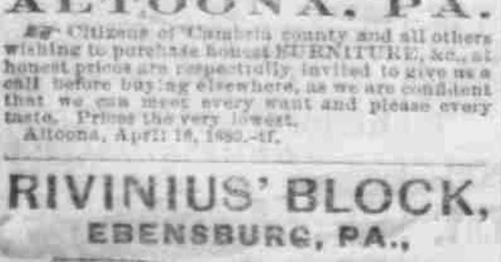
HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

B. J. LYNCH,
UNDERTAKER,
And Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.
Altoona, April 18, 1880.-tf.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,
EBENSBURG, PA.,



CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!
found [illegible] G. LLOYD,
who, it [illegible] Wholesale and Retail Dealer
of the [illegible]
calmly [illegible] COKE AND LIME.
sure of [illegible]
upon [illegible] EBENSBURG, PA.
voted Catholic, SPECIALTY. [1-13.-tf.]

MRS. VAN BUREN'S
LADIES' TONIC.
THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY.
A POSITIVE CURE FOR THE DISEASES OF WOMEN.
"Ladies' Tonic" is prepared by Women's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. It gives quick and permanent relief to all those troubled with Leucorrhoea or Whites, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Irregularities, Flooding, Amenorrhoea (loss of monthly visitation, both where it has never made its appearance, and where it has once been regular but ceases to return at usual periods), Indigestion, Backache, Heartburn, Sick and Nervous Headache, Falling of the Womb, Depression of Spirits, Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Faintness in the Stomach, Hysteria, Dyspepsia, Pains in the Side, Dizziness, Kidney Complaints, and Barrenness (except where the vaginal walls are so strongly united as to prevent copulation when a surgical operation may be necessary), will make labor easy, and has a wonderful effect on women during change of life. For weak and delicate ladies who are run down from over-work, nursing, or nervous strain of any kind, it has no equal.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT $1 Per Bottle.

THE
WOMENS
MEDICAL
INSTITUTE
BUFFALO, N.Y.
THE ONLY ASSOCIATION
OF PROMINENT
Lady Physicians
IN THE WORLD.
This institution was formed for the sole purpose of treating the diseases of women. It is composed only of physicians who have obtained a leading rank in the profession by their acknowledged ability and success, and who have made the health and diseases of women a study for years. Ladies can be successfully treated at home, without any other expense than the cost of the medicine. Advice by mail *free*. Send stamp for circulars and testimonials from ladies who have been permanently *cured*.
"LADIES' TONIC"
is the Favorite Prescription of the
Women's Medical Institute
for Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea or Whites; Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb; Irregularities, Flooding, Amenorrhoea or lack of monthly visitation, Weakness in the Back and Stomach, Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, Barrenness, and as a tonic during Pregnancy, at regular periods through change of life, and for the general debility of women.
It positively gives quick and permanent relief.
One Pint Bottle is Sufficient.
Sold by Druggists. Price, $1.00.

PE-RU-NA
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.
Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results.
Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. [illegible]
PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, [illegible]
[illegible]
Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Ills of Life." Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., [illegible]
For Piles and [illegible]
Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00
MAN-A-LIN

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm
Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c will mail a package.
HAY-FEVER
☞ Sold by Ebensburg druggists.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO.,
March 12, 1882.-ly. Owego, N. Y.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. [illegible]

FLORESTON
[illegible]
COLOGNE

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) [illegible]
Ladies.
[illegible]
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT
Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
Acts at the Same Time on

CHAMPLIN'S
LIQUID PEARL
A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
FOR PRESERVING, RESTORING AND
Beautifying the Complexion
[illegible]
OPINIONS OF NOTED LADIES.
[illegible]
CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
Nothing in the world equal to it for the cure of Scrofula, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Old Sores, Sore Eyes, Mercurial Diseases, Catarrh, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints and all Blood diseases. It never fails. All druggists and country store keepers sell it. R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop's, Pittsburgh, on every bottle.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
[illegible]

IRELAND of TO-DAY $75 to $150 per Month.
New Edition Now Ready.
[illegible] Agents Wanted. J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FARMERS and FARMERS' SONS
CAN MAKE $80 to $150 PER MONTH
[illegible] J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted [illegible] AGENT in every city and town. [illegible] [7-21-3m.]

THE HISTORY OF MATCHES.

ONE HALF A CENTURY SINCE THE DAYS OF FLINT AND STEEL—THE LUCIFER IN POLITICS.

Nothing, perhaps, could give a more vivid idea, of the rapidity with which the world has advanced in all matters of comfort and convenience than the announcement in the WORLD a few days ago of the death of Geo. W. Burgess, of Norristown, Pa., the first American manufacturer of friction matches. He began the business in New York city in 1831, or thereabouts, but failed. The matches, we are told, were "made of chlorate of potash, and had to be drawn through two pieces of sandpaper to be ignited. The quantity of chlorate of potash in this country being small, Burgess imported a large quantity, but it proved to be an inferior article; the matches were returned upon his hands, and he failed." Mr. D. K. Jones, who died at Chillicothe in 1880 was another of the inventors of the modern match, and the people of Vienna have just been celebrating the semi-centennial of three other claimants of the honor. In reality the idea of the common match is almost as old as the discovery of phosphorus. Phosphorus was discovered in 1669, and in 1690 Godfrey Hankwitz introduced the practice of rubbing it between two folds of brown paper till it took fire, when it was made to ignite a stick, one end of which had

BEEN DIPPED IN SULPHUR.

Another form extensively used, we read, "was called chemical matches, which were sold in little cases at first as high as 15 shillings a box. They were little sticks of wood dipped first in sulphur and then in a composition of chlorate of potash, flowers of sulphur, colophony, gum or sugar and cinnabar for coloring. Accompanying them in the box was a vial containing sulphuric acid, into which the match being dipped it was ignited by a chemical action induced between the acid and the chlorate of potash. The other ingredients were added merely on account of their combustible qualities."

It is not surprising that, with matches of price, the flint and steel and tinderbox remained in vogue with the great mass of people. With the flint and steel was used a long match—a splinter of wood some seven inches in length, tipped with sulphur. "You strike on the flint," writes an old Englishman "until a shower of sparks fell into one tinder; some caught; then you put the point of the match to the spark and blew until the brimstone caught and you were nearly suffocated. The tinder-box was generally too dirty for general use, and therefore lamps were burned in bedrooms, and candles, encased in large tin cylinders full of round holes, the whole being stood in a basin with a little water in the bottom." It was about 1825 that the Egyptian came in vogue in England. The elaborate apparatus consisted of an open bottle containing sulphuric acid, soaked in fibrous asbestos; and the matches, which were about two inches long and sold at one shilling a box, were tipped with a chemical combination, of which chlorate of potash was the principle ingredient. On putting the match into the bottle and rapidly withdrawing it a flame was produced, but as the acid was inconvenient and the matches liable to be spoiled by damp, the Egyption soon went out of favor, giving place to the pyrophorus, the pneumatic tinder box, and Dobereiner's hydrogen lamp. According to the encyclopedias

THE LUCIFER MATCH

was invented in 1829 by Mr. John Walker, a chemist, of Stockton-upon-Tees, who found that chlorate of potash could be instantly ignited by friction and in rapidly drawing a stick coated with it and phosphorus, by the means or mucilage or glue, through folded sandpaper. He manufactured a few of them for use in his neighborhood, and Faraday, procuring some, brought them into public notice. It is interesting to reflect that it was some years before it occurred to the acute mind of the nineteenth century that a more convenient mode of ignition could be devised than drawing the match through a folded piece of sandpaper. Two pence was the price of a small square box of fifty matches and the bit of sandpaper, the match being known for some time as the Congreve, probably by way of a reminder of the famous rocket which figures so frequently in the literature of half a century ago. The safety match dates from about 1856; its principle is the division of the combustible elements, some being placed on the box and some on the match-tip.

The Austrians claim to have become the pioneers of match manufacturing in 1832. For many years Sweden was able to beat down all competition in the manufacture of cheap matches, and in spite of numerous imitations the "utan svatvel ok fosfor" still hold their own. The original manufactory at Jonkoping is still in existence, and distributes among its shareholders the enormous dividend of 80 per cent. According to the report of the British consul at Stockholm, the Swedish match trade is even gaining ground with great rapidity, the exportation last year to Great Britain and her colonies, China, Japan, South American, Africa, and India, amounting to 9,600 tons, an increase over the preceding year of 14 per cent. One factory established in 1845 employes 842 hands, and adopts so many and such excellent precautions against fire that it is insured at a very low rate. The boxes in which the matches are packed are made by the prisoners in the Swedish jails. Match-making in France is a monopoly, but it is gratifying to know that it is not a paying monopoly. The company's contract compels it to pay a percentage on a minimum quantity of 40,000,000,000, and the annual consumption is only 20,000,000,000. Though last year the deficit in the profit and loss account was reduced from 11,631,876 francs to 8,613,839, most, if not all, of the gain of $600,000 is due to a new method of estimating the assets. The company has never yet paid a dividend. The French matches are about as atrociously bad as a French cigar, but the badness of both at least served the purpose of furnishing the Parisian chroniquers with subjects of innumerable jokes. In England such firms as the Dixons, of Manchester, turn out about nine million matches a day, to say nothing of the smaller manufacturers, whose daily output is two million or three million. The estimated daily consumption per head of the population in Europe and North America is from five to six matches. It may be said that the German Government is about to forbid the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. The acid fumes thrown off in manufacturing process produce a fearful rottening of the teeth and jaws.—*New York World.*

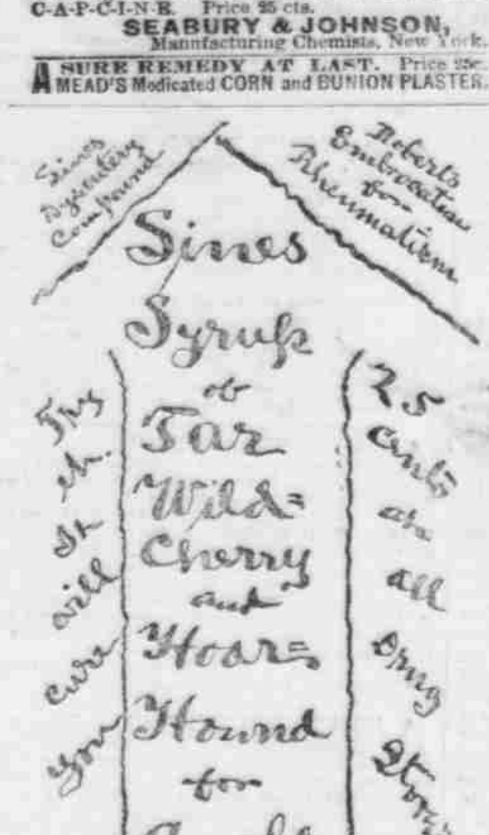
AN INVENTION IN SHOEMAKING.—For the past six months a Boston inventor has been making a shoe by a process which it is calculated, will revolutionize the entire business. The process is very simple, but decidedly practicable, as it is equally applicable to ladies' work as to that of heavy work for men. Heretofore, in the manufacture of hand-screwed work, the upper leather, which remains as after sewing the welt to the inner sole, has either been cut off or tacked down and the upper space filled, but by the new method the upper, after having been fastened to the sole, is turned back over the welt, and in turning is again sewed to the outer sole, thus making the boot doubly strong, and making it virtually waterproof. In case a poor inner sole is used, so that the sewing gives way, the welt still acts as a lever, and there is no possibility of the upper pulling out. In the manufacture of common work for women, where machines are used, there is a rough seam left on the inside of the shoe, which is decidedly uncomfortable to the wearer, whereas, if made by the process alluded to, the inside of the boot is left perfectly smooth. Then, again, in the old method nails are used to a greater or less extent in lasting, which in due time will give the wearer unmeasurably discomfiture; but this is entirely obviated by the new proces, as no nails are used, as the upper does not require to be fastened to the inner sole except by the sewing. Those who have investigated the process are loud in their praises and compliment the inventor highly upon his success.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.—To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

There are times in the lives of children when colds are taken, no one knows how, and when toothache is almost unbearable, and yet it is not advisable to have the tooth extracted; one means of relief at such a time is to cut a large raisin open, roast it or heat it and apply it around the tooth while it is is as hot as can be borne; it will operate like a little poultice, and will draw out the inflammation. To wet a flannel cloth with strong vinegar and then put a hot iron under it, and so to steam the face, will aid in reducing the inflammation.

Dried bark of sassafras root put around dried fruit will protect it from worms.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.
The Best Known Remedy for
Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.
Are Superior to all other Plasters,
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen,
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.
CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.
SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.
A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.



THE MILLER BROS CUTLERY Co.
MERIDEN CONN. U.S.A.

Having attained a national reputation in
FINE POCKET CUTLERY,
Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers,
Have added the manufacture of all styles of
STEEL PENS.
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Effects of Stings in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms.

It is well known that the effect of a stinging nettle on the skin agrees very closely with the sensation produced by the sting of a bee or wasp. But the great similarity is not limited to the feelings it causes, but, what may not be so well known, the cause of the irritation produced on the skin is essentially the same. It may be considered as definitely settled that formic acid is present in the poison sac of the bee sting, in the so-called bee poison. The same corrosive acid also occurs in the sting of the nettle. Some species of catterpillars have formic acid in their hairs, which they seem to be able to shake off at will, when a person touches such a catterpillar the poison penetrates the skin wherever it is moist and causes burning, inflammation and itching. These poisonous members preserve their irritating powers even after the death of the worm. This accounts for reliable statements that visitors to collections of caterpillars have suffered from exanthematous eruptions on the neck. Many hairy caterpillars cause itching and burning of the skin when touched, and sometimes it gives rise to swelling and redness. This depends on the fine hairs, which produce the effect when they float around in the air. Many ladies who visited the caterpillar room of the naturalist Reaumer had a breaking out of the neck."

In the sting of the bee, wasp, hornet, etc., a minute drop of a transparent liquid may be observed on the sting, and called "bee poison" (formic acid.) It penetrates into the wound produced by the sting, and causes the well-known effects. It would, however, be a great mistake to assume that the only object of this is to increase the effect of the sting, that is, that it serves only to injure. It has a far more important purpose, namely, to prevent fermentation and decay. The celebrated bee culturor, Holz, reports that in his long experience with honey, that which came from what are called rancorous swarms (bosbaft) had peculiar properties. It always had a bitter, harsh taste, and its smell was sharp, too. How can the character of a swarm effect the smell and taste of the honey they gather? We know that bees, when they are disturbed, run out their stings, on the end of which may be seen a tiny drop. This little drop, as we have already said, is bee poison, or formic acid. When their disturbances are at an end they draw in their stings again, but the little drop of liquid does not go back again, but it is wiped off on the comb, and sooner or later gets mixed up with the honey. This explains how honey from such excited bees must taste and smell sharper than from the peaceable bees. Excitable bees will run off this little drop of formic acid more frequently than other bees, perhaps a larger drop is formed by nervous bees than by those that are not nervous bees, and hence the honey is richer in formic acid. This acid is never absent in genuine honey, but the amount differs. This contamination is not only uninjurious but very useful, in fact necessary, for it keeps the honey from spoiling; we know, indeed, that purified honey, from which the formic acid has been removed, very soon ferments, while purified honey will keep unchanged for years. Nature furnishes the bees with this knowledge instinctively, and therefore they do not carry this drop of formic acid away out of the hive. Bee connoisseurs assure me that the bees add it to the nectar which they collect that is free from it so as to make it keep, and they do this in places where they are not disturbed, too.

Bee stings are often spoken of in agricultural and popular papers as a remedy for rheumatic affections, and numerous cures are adduced to prove it. If the formic acid that accompanies the sting can be looked upon as the principle agent in the cure, it would be worth while to try the experiment of rubbing the spot with this acid or injecting it under the skin, so as to avoid the somewhat inconvenient method of applying live bees.

Two hundred years ago formic acid was made from the brown wood ants, by triturating them with water and distilling it. The acid liquid was used to irritate the skin. The reddening of the skin, by using baths of pine leaves, is also due to the action of the formic acid. The anti-fermentative action of formic acid has also long been recognized.

As regards the irritative action of stinging nettles and other similar vegetables, it depends, as already stated, on its formic acid. The point of the nettles is brittle as glass, and by the lightest touch penetrates the skin and then breaks off, pouring out its acid and causes a burning sensation.

In this little notice frequent mention has been made of formic action. In conclusion it may be mentioned that it gets its name from the ant (formica) because it was first found in them. If it had been found first in the bee or nettle it would have received another name. If an ant runs over a piece of blue litmus paper he will leave a red streak. Put a stick in an ant hill and he will squirt strong acid on it.—*Scientific American.*

PORK AS FOOD.—The question is again raised as to whether pork is wholesome or otherwise, some people declaiming against it warmly, as an article of food, &c., though they offer no solid reason for their opinion or belief. Now, so far as our information and experience go, we can regard such views as without the shadow of a foundation. Pork-eaters, who comprise about nine-tenths of the population of the civilized world, will scout at such nonsense. For all persons of active habits pork is just as wholesome as anything else and more sustaining. It is true that if too much of it is eaten at a time—in other words, if people make "hogs" of themselves—they will have to suffer for it as for an overness of almost any other food. To discard pork would be discard one of the main items going into our "vital statistics." What would become of the army and navy, of our merchant marine, of, in a word, the great mass of our population, if pork were thrown overboard? The idea is supremely absurd—the abolition of this flesh as a prime article of food would be a just cause for a sumptuary revolution. No! go on, ye pork-eaters, among whom we number ourselves, with a craving stomach; broil or boil your hams, pickle your sides, cabbage and crout your chines, souse your pigs' feet, and enjoy yourselves on the swine's meat until your hearts' and pockets' content. Fling not dirt at the grave, patient, thankful grunter, who anticipates his fate with a pleasure which he cannot express in words, but which he squeals to meet with the best possible grace. He may not laugh, it is true, but he grows fat without laughing, so much more to his own credit and the profit of his friend, who liberally furnishes the wherewithal to fare sumptuously every day.

We shall stand by the pig. He is the patron of man. If he is generously treated, it is because he is expected to return the compliment four-fold. If he is lazy, it is because we give him nothing to do but eat, grunt and sleep, having in view not the good of the animal a tithe as much as the hope of an affluant reciprocation for all our kindness. Pork unwholesome! Nobody except a lean, cadaverous, sedentary biped, who is obliged to live probably on account of early dissipation, on Graham bread and weak tea.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

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